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The first number of THE JOURNAL OF THE EXHIBITION OF 1851, by the Editors of THE CRITIC, THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL, was published on Saturday last. Its contents were as follow:

LEADERS.—Introductory Address—Prince Albert—Progress of the Exhibition—Preparations—Copyright in Designs—To Exhibitors—Subscriptions—To Correspondents—Copyright (13 & 14 Vict. c. 140)—New Order relating to Patents.

THE EXHIBITION.—Her Majesty's Commissioners—Address of Her Majesty's Commissioners—Agency Charges—Decorations of the Building—The Executive Committee—The Money for the Building—Accommodation for Visitors—Preparations of Exhibitors—Applications of Exhibitors—The Art Palace—Intended Exhibitors—The Conference at York—Bishop of London's Charge—Cool Shades in the Exhibition—The Catalogue—Glass Cases—A Chess Match—Packing Cases—On the Mineral Products of England—The Great Exhibition (Poetry).

THE METROPOLIS.—City of London—Southwark—Westminster—Preparations.

SCOTLAND.—Dumfries—Dundee—Edinburgh—Glasgow.

IRELAND.—Irish Exhibitors—Cork—Wexford.

THE PROVINCES.—Banbury—Batley (Yorkshire)—Birmingham—Blackburn—Bolton—Bradford—Brighton—Bristol—Carnarvon—Cheltenham—Cornwall—Devonport—Exeter—Gloucester—Holmfirth—Hull—Isle of Man—Kidderminster—Lancaster—Leeds—Liverpool—Manchester—Margate—Newcastle-upon-Tyne—Newport (Monmouthshire)—Norwich—Plymouth—Rugby—Saffron Walden—Sheffield—Shrewsbury—Southampton—Staffordshire (Potteries)—Street—Taunton and Bridgewater—Wareham—Yarmouth—Yeovil.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.—Austria—Denmark—France—Germany:—Berlin—Darmstadt—Dresden—Frankfort—Hanover—Munich—Nuremberg—Stuttgart.—United States.

COLONIES.—Bombay—Cape of Good Hope—Ceylon—New South Wales—West Indies. Miscellaneous.

The second number will be published on Saturday next, the 23rd instant.

It is designed to supply the information required by the Exhibitors and the Visitors, and to represent the business part of the Exhibition.

ADVERTISEMENTS for the second number should be sent to the office by Friday.

Communications on all matters relating to the Exhibition are invited.

N.B.—The Journal of the Exhibition may be had by order to THE CRITIC office; or from all Booksellers and Newsmen. A copy sent to any person enclosing six postage stamps to the Publisher.

## MAN HIS OWN DESTINY.

THERE are moral heresies no less than theological heresies; and, little as they are talked of, they are often infinitely more fatal. As to the mass of theological disputes, it matters not under any aspect of them in what manner they are decided. They are generally the product of the over-refining intellect. They have no relation to man's social, none to his spiritual, interests. They amuse the disputants and a few gaping spectators; but the great tumult of human affairs rushes unheeding past, drowning the jangle of silly words in the mighty voice of its own tragical solemnity. But every moral heresy is a moral curse. From its very nature it cannot be harmless. If it do not infect and corrupt a whole generation, and it may do so, it cannot fail to taint and tarnish many a soul that otherwise would have been pure and noble. It cannot destroy an essentially beautiful and heroic nature; but it may pollute it, may dim its radiance, and weaken its force, make its career unstable, and its step hesitating. Far more important than all the other principles which we plant in the bosom of a child are the moral principles. Religion will always remain chiefly God's affair. The religious instinct is, in a large measure, its own guide. There is an orthodoxy of the heart from which the heart that is truly, deeply, fervently religious cannot escape. The divinest religion takes no cognizance of heretics, for it is always infallibly in the right, whenever it is simply conscious of itself. But the Moral requires watching, careful training, incessant attention. When it has resisted passions in their fierceness, it encounters temptations of a softer and more seductive kind; when it has vanquished those, it has still to guard itself against sophistries which are deadlier than passion and temptation. We care not much therefore to whom we entrust the intellectual education of our offspring, provided he be not obviously and totally unfit for the task he undertakes. We care not much more to

whom we entrust the religious education of our offspring provided he mingle no moral teachings with the religious inculcations. But to none would we entrust the moral education of our offspring, because we should regard a heresy here as the darkest of disasters, the most irreparable of calamities.

In our days a moral heresy has appeared, and seems to be gaining strength, which we view with exceeding hatred, and which we feel it our duty to oppose and to condemn whenever we meet it. No new heresy is this. It has always been a favourite belief of weak ages and of weak men. The heresy is that known by the name of the Doctrine of Circumstances. In its extreme and most absolute form it is maintained with prodigious pertinacity by the persons called Owenites, all whose moral and metaphysical dogmas are of the most pernicious kind, and whose professed opinions are the most serious obstacle to social reform that it has to overcome in England. But though this Doctrine of Circumstances is held and upheld by the Owenites more strictly, logically, and persistently than by others, there are many who, if less inclined to preach it as a faith, allow it as potent an influence over their lives. They would be offended if you spoke of them as fatalists, yet they continually talk of man as the creature of circumstances. Now if there be any truth in God, or truth in the Universe, we are compelled to denounce the Doctrine of Circumstances as a cowardice, a falsehood, a folly, and a cant. Its advocates confound the conditions indispensable to Man's existence with the facts and phenomena supposed to mould and modify his existence. We cannot live without air, nor without food; but are we therefore the creatures of those two circumstances? We cannot walk unless we have something to walk on; we are therefore forsooth the victims and the slaves of the ground we tread. In short, we are the instruments of whatever instrument we use, because we are under the necessity of using it. By a similar process we might prove that God himself is the creature of circumstances, because he cannot avoid employing numberless material agencies in the accomplishment of his plans. We are far from wishing to treat this as a metaphysical question. Treated as a metaphysical question as much may be said on one side as on the other. That may often seem metaphysically true which is morally false. In such a case we have to spurn at once the moral falsehood without troubling ourselves with the metaphysical difficulties. Now in the debate about free-will, it may be very easy to drive poor free-will out of the field. But what is gained by that victory? Gained! Why everything is lost that is ennobling and inspiring to Humanity. Man is only a moral being to the extent that he feels himself to be a responsible being, and he feels himself to be a responsible being only to the extent that he is conscious of free-will. What are you teaching your fellows therefore when you are instructing them in the Doctrine of Circumstances? By denuding them of free-will, you are robbing them of responsibility; and responsibility gone, what have you left to form moral agents of? It is well that those eternal yearnings and energies which God has established in the deep breast of our race are stronger than the cobweb theories which chace each other in the brain of the studious. For there never yet was a man who had not the consciousness of free-will till some sophist came and kindly told him that his free-will was a bubble. We need not fear consequently lest this sad and most sinful heresy should ever become universal. The worst of teachings, as well as the worst of examples, cannot make Man cease to believe himself the moral being which he is. For 300 years some of the chief nations of Europe have been ensnared and bewildered by a theological heresy as detestable; Luther's Doctrine of Justification by Faith. Yet the Moral has continued to flourish, and the sanctity of the Moral to be revered among those nations. To what people has that Doctrine been more a conviction than to the English? In whose eyes, in whose doings, are the just, the true, the honest, the honourable the more sacred? But why, it may be asked, if the feeling of responsibility, if the consciousness of free-will, be elements so indestructible, so essential in the human soul, do so many lend a ready ear to the Doctrine of Circumstances? We answer that a moral heresy such as this is both a consequence and a cause. It has sprung from rottenness to become the germ of rottenness in its turn. If we glance at society, we see that its

worst characteristics are less wide-spread vice or profound corruption than selfish apathy, base indolence, callous terror. It is not what is done, but what is left undone, that is the grand error and the grand guilt of the community at present. It is not the sins of commission, but the sins of omission, that the prophet's tongue is needed to brand and the wrath of Heaven needed to blast. A sigh as of a great sorrow is bursting forth more and more audibly every hour from the weary, the forlorn, the benighted, for spiritual food, for a spiritual religion. Yet who heeds them, who cares to satisfy their wants? All are indifferent, all are idle, all are afraid. Political reforms are demanded; many and mighty social reforms are needed. The gangrene of pauperism is eating deeper and deeper and ever more killingly into the vitals of the State. The agricultural labourer from his foul hovel; the needlewoman from her despairing garret; the countless wretches who in putrid dens, with loathsome bodies, darkened minds, souls horribly depraved, starve, blaspheme, and die, cry to us for redemption. Yet who heeds them, who cares to satisfy their wants? All are indifferent, all are idle, all are afraid. And Government, that grandest of human arts, what has that become? Simply dexterous frauds, mean evasions, childish postponements to shuffle aside the necessity of action, and he is thought fittest to be chief guide in public affairs who with the most signal incapacity for statesmanship is best skilled in the excuses for sitting still, shunning all glorious toils and beautiful ambitions, and waiting patiently for what providence may send. Now to a nation sick and sore with this leprosy of laziness, what so comfortable, so convenient, so congenial as the Doctrine of Circumstances? It has the most admirable apology for doing nothing, in the belief, or the pretended belief, that nothing can be done. We have only to go a step further, and we arrive at the hideous Fatalism of the Turk, to which he bows as to a god, and to which he is sacrificing the fairest empire in the world. If, therefore, we are to save this beloved and beautiful England of ours from utter ruin, it must be by proclaiming with earnest words and eloquent deeds the oldest, the profoundest, the bravest, the noblest of moral principles, that Man is his own Destiny, and that even if the Creator of the Universe have predetermined all things, it is a signal and salutary part of that pre-determination that Man is morally free. No one is the slave of any circumstances, or can be the slave of any but those which he voluntarily chains himself to. And he who will be a slave, deserves no better fate; let him wallow in the bestiality of the lot which he has chosen. We are aware that as respects the matter before us, the lowest moral degradation and the highest religious elevation meet at the same point. The first is a self-annihilating process, and so is the other; the first the burial of the individuality in the flesh, the other its burial in the spirit. Still this concerns us not; for however important religion and the moral results, suggestions, impulses flowing therefrom, yet we are only setting forth such moral principles as rest on an exclusively moral basis. It is not therefore needful for us to show here how the vigour of a valiant will, and the holy calm and humility of religious resignation, may be reconciled. No trick of superstition, so common at the present day, as to represent those as the enemies of Religion who enforce the Moral by exclusively moral reasons, as if they were thereby denying the moral blessings which Religion diffuses. But what if moral feebleness and moral delinquency chose to hide themselves behind a religious mask? What if the favourite refuge of those who from cowardice and apathy embrace the Doctrine of Circumstances is precisely the assumption that in yielding to circumstances they are fulfilling a religious duty? Why then nothing remains but the endeavour to rouse the moral sentiment through simply moral considerations. In the great, fresh, fecund ages of the world, religious faith and moral strength lend each other influence and inspiration, so divinely harmonize as to be only one common fact; the radiance from Heaven that crowns Man's brow is kindred to the light which guides him on his ordinary path. But in ages of decline, which are always ages of dismemberment, the Moral severs itself from the Religious that it may save itself, and save Man too. Because in the regeneration which society yearns for when on the brink of utter ruin, the first shout of redemption must come from the Moral. John the Baptist stood forth stalwartly preaching repentance ere the revealer of the

most catholic and conquering of religions appeared on the scene. And ere LUTHER rose to wave on high the banner of the Reformation and work a theological change, SAVONAROLA and others had laboured to denounce prevalent depravity, and work a moral revolution. In these and similar cases the appeals of the Moral would not be listened to, unless it stalked forth companionless as a naked athlete, crushing with its mighty mace the sons of iniquity, terrifying them by the very thunder of its voice, and owing no alliance with the dastard delusions which men might still agree to honour with the name of religion. Now if we admit that morally and religiously there are very visible marks of most deplorable declension around us, the Moral must do its work first and alone, ere the Religious open the skies and descend benign and lovely on a desolate and desecrated earth. Thus may all see how unspeakably important it is that the earnest should form a heroic band to storm that refuge of lust and lies which names itself jesuitically the Doctrine of Circumstances, for only with the restitution of conscious free-will, and conscious responsibility, and consequent conscious energy, can the moral amendment of the community begin; and not till that begins can a religious salvation be consummated. Unless so many of our fellows were so wofully besotted by loathsome cant and swindling equivocations they would perceive that there is the exactest correspondence between every individual's nature and his career. A man's life is simply the impress which his individuality has left on the Universe. A man's faculties are prophets telling us how he will act to the end of his existence. Those who so glibly and shamelessly advocate the Doctrine of Circumstances forget the most essential constituent abiding circumstance of all,—the man himself. The most trifling object or incident it appears may determine his fate; but he himself, with all his miraculous organism of god-given and god-leavened powers, is to go for nothing. Why of two men beginning the world with as nearly as possible the same advantages and environments does the one rapidly attain eminence and success, and the other remain a wretched laggard in the journey? What also is universally admitted to be the characteristic of a really great man but his ability to cut out a path for himself, and to trample proudly on obstacles as he triumphantly marches on? What an absurdity it would be to maintain that it was through the force of circumstances that COLUMBUS discovered America, and not through his own incomparable genius, resources, and energy. If the Doctrine of Circumstances be true, there is no difference between the greatest man and the least; between the best man and the worst. They are all alike the victims of fatalities which they have no power to resist. And as thus merit and demerit cease, so ought reward and punishment also to cease. The murderer cannot help doing what he does; why then inflict one single pang on the poor innocent, far less doom him to a shameful death? The patriot cannot help doing what he does; why then load him with praise, why honour and consecrate his name with a nation's everlasting gratitude. When the love of a mourning people's heart lingers round the grave of a PEEL, and rears monuments to his memory, how foolish is this, seeing that PEEL was the mere creature of circumstances, and could not help doing what he did! Verily, verily, a noble and beautiful world we should have, full of all generous sentiments, all high motives, all god-like deeds, if this Doctrine were universally to prevail. Besides, if the Doctrine possess the truth which its champions claim for it, what unnecessary trouble they are giving themselves in disseminating and defending it. For if men are the mere creatures of circumstances, they equally remain so, whether they know the Doctrine or are ignorant of it. SOLOMON has said: "The wise man is strong;" and BACON has said, that "Knowledge is power." But 'ere assuredly knowledge is not power; it is simply conscious incapacity. And it is moreover the saddest of sorrows, for you have taken away from the human being the delightful delusion that he is morally free, that he has strength to govern his faculties and alter his condition. Furthermore, Oh! learned Owenite, to whom dost thou appeal when thou art endeavouring to convince thy fellows that they are the slaves of a pitiless Destiny? Is not thy very appeal an admission that they are not the slaves? thou representest, otherwise why appeal to them? Does not thy appeal imply an ability on

thy part to influence and convince them? Does it not imply on thy part an ability to fix their attention on thy words, to draw their own conclusions from them, and to carry out the conclusions into action? Such will ever be the inconsistencies into which those fall who would substitute their own crotchety dogma of the Universe for the Universe itself, as it moves, breathes, and glows, pouring out its ceaseless and miraculous fecundities before us. Eternal Nature! Image and temple of the Eternal God, may we ever remain faithful to thee when men in their vanity, their ambition, or their madness would darken with the ghastly phantoms of their brain the glad sunshine of thy genial beauty; and may we feel that we are best obeying the laws which rule thy blessed unfoldings when we walk forth into the midst of thine abundance with the joyous brow, the graceful step, and the heroic hand of the freeborn!

KENNETH MORENCY.

## HISTORY.

*Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain.* By AGNES STRICKLAND, Author of "The Queens of England." Vol. I. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

Who were the Queens of Scotland? "This work," says Miss STRICKLAND, in her preface, "will, we trust, answer that question satisfactorily, by dispelling the obscurity in which the lapse of centuries, and the translation of the Scottish Court from Holyrood to Westminster and Windsor have involved the Royal Consorts of the Monarchs of the sister realm.

In her *Lives of the Queens of England* Miss STRICKLAND opened quite a new mine of historical biography, and her success was proportioned to the merit of the discovery and the skill and diligence with which it was worked. Not merely in personal adventure was that work found to be more interesting than fiction had ever feigned—the very romance of reality—but the reproduction of the distinguished ladies whose sex threw them, even in Courts, into far different scenes from those usually depicted by historians, compelled researches into the domestic manners and home life of the scenes in which they flourished, which never would have been known to us but for such an enterprise as that undertaken by Miss STRICKLAND. The world was taken by surprise when her Biographies appeared. It had not dreamed of the rich and abundant materials that had been so long hidden from it. Every page was devoured with the zest that novelty never fails to impart, and the popularity of the work was not temporary. It promises to be enduring. It has taken a permanent place in the historical library, and not a place of repose, for there are few of its companions so often read or which will so long continue to be read. But all the merit is not due to the subject. Miss STRICKLAND has peculiar capacities for her task. She possesses the patient industry that was requisite for hunting through the ponderous catalogue of the British Museum in her search after the scattered materials out of which her narratives were to be constructed. She has the sound judgment, not always attendant upon antiquarian tastes, required for the sifting of the huge heap, so as to separate the true metal from the rubbish with which it is almost everywhere mingled. Then she superadds the happy faculty of telling her story in the most pleasant manner. She does not play the pedagogue, nor the preacher, nor the philosopher. She is content to array in their proper order the facts she has gathered, and narrate them in good homely Saxon, in a style



singularly graphic, and which paints the scenes like pictures upon the minds of her readers. It is a very model of biography.

The same industry, the same intelligence, the same good taste and agreeable style that commanded success for *The Queens of England*, have been brought by Miss STRICKLAND to the composition of her new series of historical biographies, *The Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, the first volume of which is now before us. They commence with MARGARET TUDOR, the consort of JAMES IV. and daughter of HENRY VII. of England, and ELIZABETH of York. This is followed by the lives of MAGDALENE of France and MARY of Lorraine, the wives of JAMES V., and the three occupy this volume. The life of MARY STUART is to fill two successive volumes of the series, and will be looked for with eagerness. Miss STRICKLAND's researches will doubtless enable her to throw some new light upon the story of that unfortunate Queen.

MARGARET TUDOR was a sister of our HENRY VIII., and in character was singularly like him, sensual, impetuous, imperious and vindictive, yet having withal a certain jovial frankness that won the regard of the vulgar and procured favour for vices, which in a person of a different disposition would have called forth universal execration.

And nature in her was not tamed and trained by education. She was married at fourteen, when she should have been under the care of a tutor, for at that time she could not spell, and could scarcely read or write. It was on the 16th of June 1503, that she left the royal palace of Richmond for the arms of her ardent lover, eighteen years her senior. Of this progress a very minute description is given by Miss STRICKLAND, and it is a brilliant picture of the manners of the times, contrasting curiously with the royal progresses of Queen VICTORIA in these days of railway speed. Behold

#### A ROYAL PROGRESS IN 1503.

The Queen of Scotland, when all adieus were made, set out from Collieston "in fair order and array." She was attired in a rich riding-dress, and was mounted on a beautiful white pony or palfrey. Just before her rode Sir David Owen, very splendidly dressed. The Queen had an equestrian bishop at either hand, the place of honour being given to the Bishop of Murray, to whose care she was especially consigned, he being the appointed envoy of her royal Lord. On her left hand rode Nix, Bishop of Norwich, whose name has an evil notoriety in history, on account of his cruelties in after life to the Reformers of his diocese.

Three footmen always walked close to the Queen's palfrey, "very honestly appointed," with portcullises embroidered on their jackets. Queen Margaret was followed by a gentleman mounted, leading in his hand a palfrey "very richly dight." This cavalier was Sir Thomas Wortley, recently appointed her Master of the Horse. Next came a rich litter, borne between two fair coursers very nobly trapped, which the Queen entered before she approached any large town, or when she was tired of her palfrey. Two other footmen, with the portcullis badge, walked on each side of the royal litter. Then followed her ladies on fair palfreys; many squires rode before them, indeed none but squires were permitted to approach them, and it was a "right fair sight."

Then came a car, finely adorned, in which were four ladies of her bed-chamber, who travelled through the whole journey. The female servants of the ladies, mounted on palfreys, followed this car or charretta.

"Near the Queen's person rode Johannes and his company, the minstrels of music; and the trumpeters, with displayed banners. In her entries of towns and the departings of the same, they played on their instruments all the time until she had passed out."

She was met in Yorkshire by Lord SCROPE

at the head of "almost an army of the Yorkshire chivalry," who attended her until they were within a mile of the City of York.

Here the royal state of the bride Queen's procession began; and so grand were the preparations within the walls of the northern metropolis that she found it requisite to change her dress, for which purpose she retired to her litter, where, assisted by her tire-women, she performed her toilette by the wayside. All her ladies and maidens likewise "refreshed" their habiliments; and when they considered themselves sufficiently brightened and cleansed from the dust and stains of travel, York gates were opened, and a grand procession of civic magnates and gallant Yorkshire cavaliers poured forth to meet and welcome the royal train. The citizens were headed by the Lord Mayor of York, and the chivalry by the Earl of Northumberland, whose attention to his dress and decorations was remarkable—so much so, that Master John Young, Somerset Herald felt himself obliged to draw the following sketch of a noble fop of the fifteenth century, in which the reality of Percy of Northumberland almost rivals the bright ideal of Sir Percy Shafton:—

"My Lord of Northumberland came to welcome her fair Grace gaily clothed in crimson velvet. At the openings of his sleeves and collar appeared large borders set with precious stones, and his boots were of black velvet worked with gold. His footcloth of crimson velvet, all bordered with *orfaverie* (beaten and wrought gold), hung to the ground. Gold embossed work appeared on his arms, which were very rich, on his saddle-bow and on his harness. The steed on which he was mounted was a right fair one; and as he approached the Queen, ever and anon he made gambades pleasant to see. In company with the Earl of Northumberland rode the venerable knight, Sir Lancelot Threlkeld (honourably celebrated by Wordsworth in our days), Sir Thomas Curwen, of Workington, and Sir John Pennington,

"In fair order," continues our indefatigable Herald, "did Queen Margaret enter York, her minstrels singing, her trumpets and sackbuts playing, and the high woods resounding; banners and bandrols waving, coats of arms unrolled to the light of the sunsetting, rich maces in hand, and brave horsemen curvetting and bounding."

Among the foremost of those who distinguished themselves on this occasion was the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, who exhibited himself after this fashion:

"The next noon being the 20th of July, the Queen, a mile from Durham, was encountered by Sir Richard Stanley, and my lady his wife, with folk in their livery, on horseback, to the number of fifty; and the bride Queen prepared herself to enter the said town, very richly arrayed, in her usual manner. And all her escort attired themselves very grandly. As for the Earl of Northumberland, he wore a gown of goodly tinsel furred with ermines. He was mounted on a fair courser, his harness was of goldsmith's work: all over 'that same' was sewn small bells, making a melodious noise when he moved; and he did not spare gambades. His gentlemen of honour were dressed in long jackets of orfavery, very richly wrought with his devices, as were all his folk." In short, our Somerset Herald indubitably considered my Lord of Northumberland at once the great man and the beau of the bridal escort; nor is he ever weary of describing his tinsel jackets and gold gowns, the gambades he perpetrated, or the little bells (campanes) that chimed, sweetly tuned in unison, whenever those equestrian capers were cut. He viewed this young lord with favour, perhaps, because he entertained an officer-at-arms for the especial service of his noble line, called Northumberland Herald, who gave his quaint assistance on this grand progress. My Lord of Northumberland, thus replete with bells and tinsel, in the spring-time of his youth, was no other than that solemn and consequential personage whose proceedings in his old age have been so graphically described by Cavendish, who draws no very pleasant picture of my Lord of Northumberland, when he nipped in the bud the passion of his son, Lord Percy, with the fair maid of honour, Anne Boleyn.

At Dalkeith her bridegroom met her, and this was his informal introduction:

Scarcely was the royal bride in possession of her

chamber and withdrawing-room, when a hurrying sound in the quadrangle announced that some unexpected event had happened. The tumult ran though the castle, till it reached the ante-room of the royal suite, where the cry soon greeted the ear of Margaret—"The King, the King of Scotland has arrived!"

James IV. came in thus unexpectedly to relieve his young bride from the anxiety of a formal introduction to him in the midst of tedious state ceremonies, with the eyes of a multitude fixed upon them. He wished to make acquaintance with her before such ordeal commenced; and if his bride had a heart worth the winning, it was evident the King of Scotland thought it most likely to be won when they were disencumbered of the stiff stateliness ever surrounding royalty on public days.

He entered the presence of Margaret Tudor with his hawking-lure flung over his shoulder, dressed simply in a velvet jacket; his hair and beard, curling naturally, were rather long, his complexion glowing from the manly exercise he had just been engaged in. He was the handsomest sovereign in Europe, the black eyes and hair of his elegant father, James III., being softened in his resemblance to the blonde beauty of his Danish mother. Sir Walter Scott has drawn James IV.'s portrait *con amore*, and has not exaggerated the likeness—

"For hazel was his eagle eye,  
And auburn of the darkest dye  
His short curled beard and hair.  
Light was his footstep in the dance,  
And firm his stirrup in the lists;  
And oh, he had that merry glance  
Which seldom lady's heart resists."

The young Queen met her royal lord at the doorway of her great chamber. The King of Scotland uncovered his head and made a deep obeisance to her, while she made a lowly reverence to him. He then took her hand and kissed her, and saluted all her ladies by kissing them.

JAMES paid her a succession of visits previously to their nuptials, and these were the

#### ROYAL AMUSEMENTS IN 1503.

He came to the Queen's drawing-room with a few persons, "and found her playing at cards." At his entry, "the Queen, rising, advanced to receive him very gladly, of her good will kissing him. After that the King of Scotland gave saluto to all her ladies. He was dressed in a black velvet jacket, bordered with crimson velvet and edged with white fur."

While Margaret and James were communing together, the lords who had been to meet him returned from their fruitless ride. "The King did reverence, with his bonnet in his hand, to the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Durham, right pleasantly welcoming them. After some words rehearsed, the minstrels began to play a *basse* dance, which was danced by Queen Margaret and the Countess of Surrey. The minstrels then played a round, the which was danced by the Queen, led by the Lord Gray; and they were followed by many lords, ladies, and gentlewomen. Wine and bread were then served to the King, who took the bread, and with it served his Queen. Likewise he took the cup, and served her first of all with wine.

"The King of Scotland then began to play on the clavichords before his Queen; after that he played on the lute, which pleased her very much, and she had great pleasure to hear him. Sir Edward Stanley then sat down to the clavichords and played a ballad, which he sang withal. The King commended it much, and called one of his gentlemen, who could sing very well, and made him sing with Sir Edward Stanley, and their voices accorded very well. Afterwards Sir Edward Stanley sang some ballads with two of his servants, and the King of Scotland gave him good thanks.

"Then King James took leave of his bride by kissing her; and also of her noble company. He went out to take horse." The Queen and her ladies took the opportunity of seeing him mount, which was indeed a very noble feat of horsemanship, from which Shakespeare must have taken his celebrated description of the mounting of Harry, Prince of Wales. "James of Scotland did leap on his horse," says our Somerset Herald, "without putting his foot in stirrup; and the said steed was a right fair courser; and forward the King spurred, let follow who might."

They entered Edinburgh in state, and the marriage ceremony was performed on the fol-

lowing day, the 8th of August, and all the dresses, decorations and festivities on the occasion are very minutely described by Miss STRICKLAND, but are much too long for our limited space. Dancing occupied the evening, as, indeed, it appears to have been the amusement of every evening at Court, King, Queen and Courtiers all joining without much ceremony.

But JAMES soon grew tired of his child-Queen, preferring the more matured beauties of the Court, nor did MARGARET's temper win his affections. She was a spoiled child, wilful and peevish, and they led an uncomfortable life together for eight years until the King was slain in the battle of Flodden, and MARGARET assumed the Regency during the minority of her son JAMES V. Then it was, in the plenitude of power and unconstrained by any positive ties, that her propensities become fully developed, and she indulged them without restraint. But her subsequent history must be sought in the volume.

JAMES V. had two wives, both from France, MAGDALENE of France and MARY of Lorraine, of both of them there is a biography, but we have not space to follow them at present, although they are full of interest. Should leisure permit we may possibly return to them in another notice of a book which is a worthy companion of a work that now graces every library.

*Royalty and Republicanism in Italy; or, Notes and Documents relating to the Lombard Insurrection, and to the Royal War of 1848.*  
By JOSEPH MAZZINI. London: Gilpin.

ALTHOUGH not history, nor pretending to be, the contents of this volume are valuable contributions for the historian whose duty it will be to reduce to shape the discordant materials that have accumulated relating to the causes, progress, and finale of the European Revolutions of 1848. But *finale* we have no right yet to term it; the *end* is not seen: the present reactionary violence, faithlessness, and lawlessness of emperors, kings, and petty potentates is only the reaction from democratic fervour—scarcely less wicked and violent. Presently there will be another oscillation, and then another, and after awhile the condition of affairs will settle down to a tranquil equilibrium, preserving a mean between republicanism and despotism. We do not despair of constitutional government, now that autocratic tyranny is prevailing, any more than we did when it was threatened, and for awhile subverted, by an irrational democracy.

We must do M. MAZZINI the justice to say that he was by far the ablest and the most honest of the revolutionary leaders—KOSSUTH only excepted. His cause, too, was the best of any, and the success of the government of which he was the real head was the most complete and satisfactory, for the Triumvirate did certainly rule Rome with extraordinary ability and moderation and to the satisfaction of the people, inasmuch that nothing less than the disgraceful interference of French cannon sufficed to remove them from the posts they were occupying with the enthusiastic support of the people. How much cause all Protestant Europe has to lament that more sympathy was not shown with the domestic opponents of Papal tyranny is proved by the intolerable insolence to which that tyranny has attained since its restoration. We have to thank *The Times*, and the other supporters of Austrian despotism among the press of England, for the restoration

of Papal power, and its recent aggression upon ourselves. The Pope is backed and prompted by Austria, and Austria is backed and prompted by Russia, and—oh! shame!—these allied powers of despotism and superstition have found, and still find, their most efficient supporters here, in free England, and in the *Journal* which professes to represent to Europe the opinions of Englishmen. Why do they not rise, and repudiate that libel upon their country?

M. MAZZINI's purpose is to show that Italy cannot be organized rationally under any other form of government than a republic; the sufficient reason being, that she has not in herself the materials for a class of nobles, without which a constitutional monarchy cannot exist. Her so-styled nobility is *effete*—worn out by debauchery, steeped in poverty, and enervated by the system that has prostrated them, mind and body. There is reason in this:

The Italian tradition is eminently republican. In England, the aristocratic element has a powerful influence, because it has a history: well or ill, it has organized society; it has created a power, snatched from royalty, by conquering guarantees for the rights of the subject; it has founded in part the wealth and the influence of England abroad. The monarchical element has still great influence over the tendencies of France, because it also claims an important page in the national history; it has produced a Charlemagne, a Louis XI., a Napoleon; it has contributed to found the unity of France; it has shared with the communes the risks and the honours of the struggle against feudalism; it has surrounded the national banner with a halo of military glory. What is the history of the monarchy and of the aristocracy of Italy? What prominent part have they played in the national development? What vital element have they supplied to Italian strength, or to the unification of the future existence of Italy? The history of our royalty in fact commences with the dominion of Charles V., with the downfall of our last liberties; it is identified with servitude and dismemberment; it is written on a foreign page, in the cabinets of France, of Austria, and of Spain. Nearly all of them the issue of foreign families, viceroys of one or other of the great powers, our kings do not offer the example of a single individual redeeming by brilliant personal qualities the vice of subalternity, to which his position condemned him; not a single one who has ever evinced any grand national aspiration. Around them in the obscurity of their courts, gather idle or retrograde courtiers, men who call themselves *noble*, but who have never been able to constitute an aristocracy. An aristocracy is a compact independent body, representing in itself an idea, and from one extremity of the country to another, governed, more or less, by one and the same inspiration; our nobles have lived upon the crumbs of royal favour, and if on some rare occasions they have ventured to place themselves in opposition to the monarch, it has not been in the cause of the nation, but of the foreigner, or of clerical absolutism. The nobility can never be regarded as an historical element; it has furnished some fortunate *Condottieri*, powerful even to tyranny, in some isolated town; it has knelt at the feet of the foreign emperors who have passed the Alps or crossed the sea. The original stock being nearly everywhere extinct, the races have become degenerated amidst corruption and ignorance. The descendants of our noble families at Genoa, at Naples, at Venice, and at Rome, are, for the most part, specimens of absolute intellectual nullity. Almost everything that has worked its difficult way in art, in literature, or in political activity, is plebeian. In Italy the initiative of progress has always belonged to the people, to the democratic element. It is through her communes that she has acquired all she has ever had of liberty; through her workmen in wool or silk, through her merchants of Genoa, Florence, Venice, and Pisa, that she has acquired her wealth; through her artists, plebeian and republican, from Giotto to Michael Angelo, that she has acquired her renown; through her navigators, plebeian, that she has given a world to humanity; through her Popes—sons of the people even they—that until the twelfth century she

aided in the emancipation of the weak, and sent forth a word of unity to humanity: all her memories of insurrection against the foreigner are memories of the people: all that has made the greatness of our towns, dates almost always from a republican epoch: the educational book, the only book read by the inhabitant of the Alps or the Transteverin who can read, is an abridgment of the history of the Ancient Roman Republic. This is the reason why the same men who have so long been accused of coldness, and who had in fact witnessed with indifference the aristocratic and royal revolutions of 1820 and 1821, arose with enthusiasm and with a true power of self-sacrifice at the cry of *St. Mark and the Republic, God and the People!*

Into the very miscellaneous and various topics treated of in this volume we cannot attempt to enter. It will be read with interest by all who desire to acquaint themselves with the true history of the Italian struggle for independence. It is written with the fervour of eloquence for which M. MAZZINI is distinguished, and it will impress all who may yet have a doubt, with a conviction of the honesty of his purposes, and the patriotism, unsullied by any meaner motives, which has impelled him through so many toils and perils, and still sustains him in heart and hope. He is one of those men, truly great, who may be defeated, but are never subdued. We can only add his singularly graphic sketch of

PIO NONO.

A Pope arose, by his tendencies, his progressive instincts, and his love of popularity, an exception to the Popes of later times; to whom Providence, as if to teach mankind the absolute powerlessness of the institution, opened, in the love and in the illusions of the people, the path to a new life. So great is the fascination exercised by great memories—so great is the power of ancient customs—so feverish, in these multitudes who are said to be agitated by the breath of anarchy, is the desire for authority as the guide and sanction of their progress, that a word of pardon and tolerance from the Pope's lips sufficed to gather round him, in an enthusiasm and intoxication of affection, friends and enemies, believers and unbelievers, the ignorant and the men of thought. One long cry, the cry of millions ready to make themselves martyrs or conquerors at his nod, saluted him as their father and benefactor, the regenerator of the Catholic faith and of humanity. The experience of three ages and the inexorable logic of ideas, were at once forgotten; writers powerful by their intellect and doctrines, until then dreaded as adversaries, employed themselves in founding around that *One man* systems destined to prepare for him the way to a splendid initiative. The many advocates of liberty of conscience, weary of the spectacle of anarchy revealed by the Protestant sects, remained in doubt. The few believers in the future church remained silent and thoughtful. It might be that history had decided too rashly, it might be among the secrets of Providence that an institution, which had for ten centuries at least given life and movement to Europe, should rise again, reconciled with the life and movement of humanity, from its own tomb. The minds of the whole civilized world hung, troubled and excited, upon the word which was to issue from the Vatican.

And where now is Pius IX.

In the camp of the enemy: irrevocably disjoined from the progressive destinies of humanity; irrevocably adverse to the desires, to the aspirations which agitate his people and the people of believers. The experiment is complete. The abyss between Papacy and the world is hollowed out. No earthly power can fill it up.

Impelled by the impulses of his heart to seek for popularity and affection, but drawn on by the all-powerful logic of the principle that he represents, to the severity of absolute dictatorship; seduced by the universal movement of men's minds, by living examples in other countries, by the spirit of the age, to feel, to understand the sacred words of progress, of people, of free brotherhood, but incapable of making himself their interpreter; fearful of the consequences, and trembling like one who feels himself insecure, lest he should see the people raised to a new consciousness of its own faculties and of



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its own rights, question the authority of the pontificate—Pius IX. vacillated contemptibly between the two paths presented to him, muttered words of emancipation, which he neither knew how nor intended to make good, and promises of country and independence to Italy, which his followers betrayed by conspiring with Austria. Then, struck with sudden terror, he fled before the multitudes who cried aloud to him *courage*; he sheltered himself under the protection of a Prince whom he despised—the executioner of his subjects; he imbibed his tendencies, and in order to revenge himself for the quiet with which Rome, provoked in vain to a civil war, was organising a new government, he solicited foreign aid; and he who had, from a horror of bloodshed, shortly before endeavoured to withdraw Roman assistance from the Lombard struggle, agreed that French, Austria, Neapolitan, and Spanish bayonets should rebuild his throne. He now wanders amidst the fallacies of secret protocols, the servant of his protectors, the servant of all except of duty and of the wish of those who hoped in him, turning to the frontiers of Rome and yet not expecting to re-enter there, and as if kept back by the phantoms of the slain. The Louis XVI. of Papacy, he has destroyed it for ever. The cannon ball of his allies discharged against the Vatican, gave the last blow to the institution.

Whilst these things were happening, a Prince was pursuing in the north of our peninsula a similar course, accompanied by the same hope, by the same illusions and delusions of the peoples. He was saluted by the title of the *Sword of Italy*. The choicest spirits from all parts pointed out to him Austria and the Alps, and suspended, in order to make the last trial of monarchy, the propagandism of their most cherished ideas. He was preceded by the encouragement of all Europe, and followed by a numerous and valiant army. Where died Charles Albert?

Thus has Providence shown to our people, desirous of the right, but lukewarm in faith and too credulous in the allusions of the old world, the powerlessness of monarchy to ensure the safety of Italy, and the irreconcilability of Papacy with the free progress of humanity. The dualism of the middle ages is henceforward a mere form without life or soul; the Guelph and Ghibelline insignia are now those of the tomb. Neither Pope, nor King! God and the people only shall henceforth disclose to us the regions of the future.

*An Introduction to the Study of Universal History.* By Sir JOHN STODDART, Knt., LL.D. Second edition, re-written. London: Griffin and Co.

THIS is another of that very valuable series now in progress, under the title of the Cabinet Edition of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, in which it is intended to reproduce, with corrections to the present state of knowledge, the whole of that magnificent work, in a size more convenient for the reader, and better adapted to modern libraries. Sir JOHN STODDART's *Introduction to the Study of Universal History* was one of the most famous of the treatises contained in the *Encyclopædia*, and a great boon is conferred upon the public by its republication in an accessible form, where it may be procured for a few shillings. It consists of two dissertations: first, on the Uses of History as a Study; secondly, on the Separation of the early facts of History from Fable. To the investigation of these important subjects the author has brought the full force of his acute and powerful intellect, and vast and varied learning; and every student should read it attentively, preparatory to entering upon his course of history, to which it will be a key that will open many a mystery, and a guide that will shield him from many an error. It is impossible to speak too highly of the enlarged and enlightened views of the author: his estimate of the qualities requisite to an historian should be read by all who think of venturing upon the composition of history, that they may try their own competency, or make due preparation before they begin. His sketch of the uses of history is of no less interest and importance to the reader. This is a book to be read in schools, as well as to be placed upon the historical shelf in every library.

#### SCIENCE.

*On the Construction of Locks and Keys.* By JOHN CHUBB. London.

THIS is a paper read by Mr. CHUBB to the Institution of Civil Engineers, on the 9th of April last, and probably no man in England was so competent to treat the subject both theoretically and practically as Mr. CHUBB, to whom the world is indebted for the greatest improvements in locks and keys that have ever been invented. He commences his essay with an historical sketch of locks. It seems that the earliest locks were opened by keys shaped very much like our picklocks, which shifted a plain horizontal wooden bar.

The peculiarity of CHUBB's locks is this, that no two are alike, so that the key of any one will not open any other, and yet one master key will open all. So extensive are the combinations that he could in this manner supply all London, without any one lock having a fellow.

Although this volume is a very small one, it contains a vast amount of useful information, and will be read eagerly by all who are engaged in the construction or sale of locks.

#### MEDICINE.

*Deafness Practically Illustrated.* By JAMES YEARSLEY, M.R.C.S. 3rd edition. London: Churchill.

MR. YEARSLEY has, in accordance with a commendable fashion of our time, devoted himself to the study of one organ, the ear, to investigation of its diseases and the practice of their cure. He has consequently achieved an extensive reputation for his mastery of this subject, and his name is associated with a singularly successful treatment of deafness. In this volume he has thrown together the results of his researches and experience, describing the anatomy and physiology of the ear, the various maladies to which it is subject, and the rationale of their cure, illustrated by numerous examples that have occurred within the range of his personal observation. It is a useful contribution to medical science.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.* Edited by his Son, the Rev. CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A. In six vols. Vol. VI. London: Longman and Co.

ALTHOUGH we have complained somewhat of the length to which this biography has extended, we are sorry to part with it now that it is concluded. Its bi-monthly appearance was like the visit of an old and esteemed friend: we had made personal acquaintance with the poet; we had been admitted to his inmost thoughts; we had seen him in his home—among his children; we had peeped upon him in the retreat of his library, which was his kingdom and his paradise; we had perused his outpourings of spirit to his friends; we had sympathised with him in his sorrows and in his joys; we had learned to love him as a man even more than to admire him as an author. It is painful now to watch his decline; to note his failing powers; to feel the hand of death upon him; to witness the utter prostration of that powerful and active mind; to behold him a human shape, living and breathing, but without human intelligence, until we experience a sense of relief in the knowledge that death had taken possession of his body, as oblivion had long since of his intellect. The lesson it reads is a startling one, but we should have preferred to have learned it from the case of one whom we had honoured less.

Thirteen of the latter years of SOUTHEY's life are recorded in this volume. But they were less stirring than previous years, as it is right they should be: the decline of life should be calm—the activity of mind and body should be suffered gradually to decline to repose, but not

to idleness. Sorrows there will be at this season, for he who lives even to middle age has to mourn the loss of many friends departing before him, and every decade thenceforward must be marked with more and more bereavements, until the very old stands alone—the last of his generation. So it was with SOUTHEY: he lived to attain very nearly the usual limit of human life. He was sixty-eight years old when he died. By that time his family had grown up, and most of them were parted from him—some married, some making their own way in the world. But a terrible affliction marred his happiness for a considerable portion of this period: his wife's health failed, and her mind became so affected that they were obliged to place her in an asylum. After a while she recovered tranquillity, and returned to her home. But her intellect was gone: she was a mere child, without memory of the past, or thought of the future, and after a while a perfect blank.

About the same time, too, his circumstances became straitened: his expenses had increased but not his income. He had insured his life heavily, and the premiums absorbed the profits of the laureateship and the proceeds of his pension. His writings were liberally paid for, but he was not able to write so much as he had done when younger. The afflictions of his wife, and perhaps a consciousness of his own failing powers, depressed his spirits, and fears came over him that he should fall into poverty. It was at this time that Sir ROBERT PEEL, ever the friend of genius, proffered him the honour of a baronetcy, and thus obtained a knowledge of SOUTHEY's circumstances, which, with his wonted promptitude, he immediately sought to improve. The whole of this correspondence is so creditable to both parties—adding another laurel to the memory of the great minister—that we must give it a first place before we proceed to select from the biography in its order.

SIR ROBERT PEEL AND SOUTHEY.

One morning, shortly after the letters had arrived, he called me into his study. "You will be surprised," he said, "to hear that Sir Robert Peel has recommended me to the King for the distinction of a baronetcy; and you will probably feel some disappointment when I tell you that I shall not accept it, and this more on your account than on my own. I think, however, that you will be satisfied I do so for good and wise reasons;" and he then read to me the following letters, and his reply to them.

*Sir Robert Peel to R. Southey, Esq.*

"Whitehall Gardens, Feb. 1, 1835.

"My dear Sir,—I have offered a recommendation to the King (the first of the kind which I have offered), which, although it concerns you personally, concerns also high public interests, so important as to dispense with the necessity on my part of that previous reference to individual feelings and wishes which in an ordinary case I should have been bound to make. I have advised the King to adorn the distinction of baronetage with a name the most eminent in literature, and which has claims to respect and honour which literature alone can never confer.

"The King has most cordially approved of my proposal to his Majesty; and I do hope that, however indifferent you may be personally to a compliment of this kind—however trifling it is when compared with the real titles to fame which you have established,—I do hope that you will permit a mark of royal favour to be conferred in your person upon the illustrious community of which you are the head.

"Believe me, my dear Sir, with the sincerest esteem, most faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL."

This was accompanied with another letter marked *private*.

*Sir Robert Peel to R. Southey, Esq.*

"Whitehall, Feb. 1, 1835.

"My dear Sir,—I am sure, when there can be no

doubt as to the purity of the motive and intention, there can be no reason for seeking indirect channels of communication in preference to direct ones. Will you tell me, without reserve, whether the possession of power puts within my reach the means of doing anything which can be serviceable or acceptable to you; and whether you will allow me to find some compensation for the many heavy sacrifices which office imposes upon me, in the opportunity of marking my gratitude as a public man for the eminent services you have rendered, not only to literature but to the higher interests of virtue and religion?

"I write hastily, and perhaps abruptly, but I write to one to whom I feel it would be almost unbecoming to address elaborate and ceremonious expressions, and who will prefer to receive the declaration of friendly intentions in the simplest language.

"Believe me, my dear Sir, with true respect, most faithfully yours,  
ROBERT PEEL.

"P.S. I believe your daughter is married to a clergyman of great worth; and perhaps I cannot more effectually promote the object of this letter than by attempting to improve his professional situation. You cannot gratify me more than by writing to me with the same unreserve with which I have written to you."

*Robert Southey, Esq., to Sir Robert Peel.*

"Keswick, Feb. 3, 1835.

"Dear Sir,—No communications have ever surprised me so much as those which I have this day the honour of receiving from you. I may truly say, also, that none have ever gratified me more, though they make me feel how difficult it is to serve any one who is out of the way of fortune. An unreserved statement of my condition will be the fittest and most respectful reply.

"I have a pension of 200*l.* conferred upon me through the good offices of my old friend and benefactor Charles W. Wynn, when Lord Grenville went out of office; and I have the Laureateship. The salary of the latter was immediately appropriated, as far as it went, to a life insurance for 3,000*l.* This, with an earlier insurance for 1,000*l.*, is the whole provision that I have made for my family; and what remains of the pension after the annual payments are made is the whole of my certain income: all beyond must be derived from my own industry. Writing for a livelihood, a livelihood is all that I have gained; for having also something better in view, and therefore never having courted popularity nor written for the mere sake of gain, it has not been possible for me to lay by anything. Last year, for the first time in my life, I was provided with a year's expenditure before hand. This exposition might suffice to show how utterly unbecoming and unwise it would be to accept the rank, which so greatly to my honour, you have solicited for me, and which his Majesty would so graciously have conferred. But the tone of your letter encourages me to say more.

"My life insurances have increased in value. With these, the produce of my library, my papers, and a posthumous edition of my works, there will probably be 12,000*l.* for my family at my decease. Good fortune, with great exertions on the part of my surviving friends, might possibly extend this to 15,000*l.*; beyond which I do not dream of any further possibility. I had bequeathed the whole to my wife, to be divided ultimately between our four children; and having thus provided for them, no man could have been more contented with his lot, nor more thankful to that Providence on whose especial blessing he knew that he was constantly, and as it were immediately, dependent for his daily bread.

"But the confidence which I used to feel in myself is now failing. I was young, in health and heart, on my last birthday, when I completed my sixtieth year. Since then I have been shaken at the root. It hath pleased God to visit me with the severest of all domestic afflictions, those alone excepted into which guilt enters. My wife, a true helpmate as ever man was blessed with, lost her senses a few months ago. She is now in a lunatic asylum; and broken sleep, and anxious thoughts, from which there is no escape in the night season, have made me feel how more than possible it is that a sudden stroke may deprive me of those faculties by the exercise of which this poor family has hitherto been supported. Even in the event of my death, their condition would, by our recent calamity, be materially altered for the worse; but if I were rendered helpless, all our available means would procure only a respite from actual distress.

"Under these circumstances, your letter, Sir, would in other times have encouraged me to ask for such an increase of pension as might relieve me from anxiety on this score. Now that lay sinecures are in fact abolished, there is no other way by which a man can be served, who has no profession wherein to be promoted, and whom any official situation would take from the only employment for which the studies and the habits of forty years have qualified him. This way, I am aware, is not now to be thought of, unless it were practicable as part of a plan for the encouragement of literature; but to such a plan perhaps these times might not be unfavourable.

"The length of this communication would require an apology if its substance could have been compressed; but on such an occasion it seemed a duty to say what I have said; nor, indeed, should I deserve the kindness which you have expressed, if I did not explicitly declare how thankful I should be to profit by it.

"I have the honour to remain, with the sincerest respect, your most faithful and obliged servant,  
"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

Young as I then was, I could not without tears hear him read, with his deep and faltering voice, his wise refusal and touching expression of those feelings and fears he had never before giving utterance to, to any of his own family. And if any feelings of regret occasionally come over my mind that he did not accept the proffered honour, which, so acquired and so conferred, any man might justly be proud to have inherited, the remembrance at what a time and under what circumstances it was offered, and the feeling what a mockery honours of that kind would have been to a family so afflicted, and I may add, how unsuitable they would be to my own position and very straitened means, make me quickly feel how justly he judged and how prudently he acted.

Some three or four weeks elapsed before a reply was received. PEEL was deliberating what to do. Then he thus addressed the anxious poet.

*Sir Robert Peel to R. Southey, Esq.*

"Whitehall, April 4, 1835.

"My dear Sir,—I have resolved to apply the miserable pittance at the disposal of the Crown, on the Civil List Pension Fund, altogether to the reward and encouragement of literary exertions. I do this on public grounds; and much more with the view of establishing a principle, than in the hope, with such limited means, of being enabled to confer any benefit upon those whom I shall name to the Crown—worthy of the Crown, or commensurate with their claims.

"I have just had the satisfaction of attaching my name to a warrant which will add 300*l.* annually to the amount of your existing pension. You will see in the position of public affairs a sufficient reason for my having done this without delay, and without previous communication with you.

"I trust you can have no difficulty in sanctioning what I have done with your consent, as I have acted on your own suggestion, and granted the pensions on a public principle—the recognition of literary and scientific eminence as a public claim. The other persons to whom I have addressed myself on this subject are—Professor Airey of Cambridge, the first of the living mathematicians and astronomers (the first of this country at least), Mrs. Somerville, Sharon Turner, and James Montgomery of Sheffield.

"Believe me, my dear Sir, most faithfully yours,  
"ROBERT PEEL."

MR. CUTHBERT SOUTHEY has in this volume given us much more of his own reminiscences of his father than in the former ones. He writes now from personal recollection, and he opens the volume with this graphic

#### PEN AND INK PORTRAIT OF SOUTHEY.

In appearance he was certainly a very striking looking person, and in early days he had by many been considered as almost the *beau idéal* of a poet. Mr. Cottle describes him at the age of twenty-two as "tall, dignified, possessing great suavity of manners, an eye piercing, a countenance full of genius, kindness, and intelligence;" and he continues, "I had read so much of

poetry, and sympathised so much with poets in all their eccentricities and vicissitudes, that to see before me the realisation of a character which in the abstract so much absorbed my regards, gave me a degree of satisfaction which it would be difficult to express." Eighteen years later Lord Byron calls him a prepossessing looking person, and, with his usual admixture of satire, says—"to have his head and shoulders I would almost have written his Sapphics;" and elsewhere he speaks of his appearance as "Epic," an expression which may be either a sneer or a compliment.

His forehead was very broad; his height was five feet eleven inches; his complexion rather dark, the eyebrows large and arched, the eye well shaped and dark brown, the mouth somewhat prominent, muscular, and very variously expressive, the chin small in proportion to the upper features of his face. He always while in Keswick wore a cap in his walks, and partly from habit, partly from the make of his head and shoulders, we never thought he looked well or like himself in a hat. He was of a very spare frame, but of great activity, and not showing any appearance of a weak constitution.

My father's countenance, like his character, seems to have softened down from a certain wildness of expression to a more sober and thoughtful cast; and many thought him a handsomer man in age than in youth; his eye retaining always its brilliancy, and his countenance its play of expression.

The reader will remember his republican independency when an under-graduate at Oxford, in rebelling against the supremacy of the college barber. Though he did not continue to let his hair hang down on his shoulders according to the whim of his youthful days, yet he always wore a greater quantity than is usual; and once on his arrival in town, Chantrey's first greetings to him were accompanied with an injunction to go and get his hair cut. When I first remember it, it was turning from a rich brown to the steel shade, whence it rapidly became almost snowy white, losing none of its remarkable thickness, and clustering in abundant curls over his massive brow.

A friend has supplied him with the following reminiscences of

#### SOUTHEY IN SOCIETY.

The characteristics of his manner, as of his appearance, were lightness and strength, an easy and happy composure as the accustomed mood, with much mobility, at the same time, so that he could be readily excited into any degree of animation in discourse, speaking, if the subject moved him much, with extraordinary fire and force, though always in light, laconic sentences. When so moved, the fingers of his right hand often rested against his mouth and quivered through nervous susceptibility. But excitable as he was in conversation, he was never angry or irritable; nor can there be any greater mistake concerning him, than that into which some persons have fallen when they have inferred, from the fiery vehemence with which he could give utterance to moral anger in verse and prose, that he was personally illtempered or irascible. He was in truth a man whom it was hardly possible to quarrel with or offend personally and face to face; and in his writings, even on public subjects in which his feelings were strongly engaged, he will be observed to have always dealt tenderly with those whom he had once seen and spoken to, unless indeed personally and grossly assailed by them. He said of himself that he was tolerant of persons, though intolerant of opinions. But in oral intercourse the toleration of persons was so much the stronger, that the intolerance of opinions was not to be perceived; and indeed it was only in regard to opinions of a pernicious moral tendency that it was ever felt.

He was averse from argumentation, and would commonly quit a subject when it was passing into that shape, with a quiet and good-humoured indication of the view in which he rested. He talked most and with most interest about books, and about public affairs; less, indeed hardly at all, about the characters and qualities of men in private life. In the society of strangers or of acquaintances, he seemed to take more interest in the subjects of than in the persons present, his manner being that of natural courtesy and general benevolence without distinction of individuals. Had there been some tincture of social vanity in him, perhaps he would have been brought into closer relations with those whom he met in society; but though invariably kind and



careful of their feelings, he was indifferent to the manner in which they regarded him, or (as the phrase is) to his effect in society; and they might perhaps be conscious that the kindness they received was what flowed naturally and inevitably to all, that they had nothing to give in return which was of value to him, and that no individual relations were established.

In conversation with intimate friends he would sometimes express, half humorously, a cordial commendation of some production of his own, knowing that with them he could afford it, and that to those who knew him well it was well known that there was no vanity in him. But such commendations, though light and humorous, were perfectly sincere; for he both possessed and cherished the power of finding enjoyment and satisfaction wherever it was to be found,—in his own books, in the books of his friends, and in all books whatsoever that were not morally tainted or absolutely barren."

#### And these were

##### SOUTHEY'S HABITS.

His greatest relaxation was in a mountain excursion or a pic-nic by the side of one of the lakes, tarns, or streams; and these parties, of which he was the life and soul, will long live in the recollections of those who shared them. An excellent pedestrian (thinking little of a walk of twenty five miles when upwards of sixty), he usually headed the "infantry" on these occasions, looking on those gentlemen as idle mortals who indulged in the luxury of a mountain pony; feeling very differently in the bracing air of Cumberland to what he did in Spain in 1800, when he delighted in being "gloriously lazy," in "sitting sideways upon an ass," and having even a boy to "propel" the burro (see vol. II. p. 109.)

Upon first coming down to the lakes he rather undervalued the pleasures of an al-fresco repast, preferring chairs and tables to the greensward of the mountains, or the moss-grown masses of rock by the lake shore; but these were probably the impressions of a cold wet summer, and having soon learnt thoroughly to appreciate these pleasures, he had his various chosen places which he thought it a sort of duty annually to revisit.

He is represented as having very warm feelings, though reserved in manner, and extremely sincere and constant in his friendships. "With those persons about the house he was most familiarly friendly, and these regarded him with a degree of affectionate reverence that could not be surpassed."

The curious in literary history will like to know what was

##### SOUTHEY'S INCOME.

His only certain source of income was his pension, from which he received 145*l*., and the Laureateship, which was 90*l*.: the larger portion of these two sums, however, went to the payment of his life-insurance, so that not more than 100*l*. could be calculated upon as available, and the Quarterly Review was therefore for many years his chief means of support. He received latterly 100*l*. for an article, and commonly furnished one for each number. What more was needful had to be made up by his other works, which as they were always published upon the terms of the publisher taking the risk and sharing the profits, produced him but little, considering the length of time they were often in preparation, and as he was constantly adding new purchases to his library, but little was to be reckoned upon this account. For the Peninsular War he received 1000*l*., but the copyright remained the property of the publisher.

To these personal traits we must add his cares for that which which was really a part of himself, for he lived in his books. Behold

##### SOUTHEY IN HIS LIBRARY.

Many of these old books being in vellum or parchment bindings, he had taken much pains to render them ornamental portions of the furniture of his shelves. His brother Thomas was skilful in calligraphy; and by his assistance their backs were painted with some bright colour, and upon it the title placed lengthwise in large gold letters of the old English type. Any one who had

visited his library will remember the tastefully arranged pyramids of these curious-looking books.

Another fancy of his was to have all those books of lesser value, which had become ragged and dirty, covered, or rather bound, in coloured cotton prints, for the sake of making them clean and respectable in their appearance, it being impossible to afford the cost of having so many put into better bindings.

Of this task his daughters, aided by any female friends who might be staying with them, were the performers; and not fewer than from 1200 to 1400 volumes were so bound by them at different times, filling completely one room, which he designated as the Cottonian library. With this work he was much interested and amused, as the ladies would often suit the pattern to the contents, clothing a Quaker work or a book of sermons in sober drab, poetry in some flowery design, and sometimes contriving a sly piece of satire at the contents of some well-known author by their choice of its covering. One considerable convenience attended this eccentric mode of binding,—the book became as well known by its dress as by its contents, and much more easily found.

With respect to his mode of acquiring and arranging the contents of a book, it was somewhat peculiar. He was as rapid a reader as could be conceived, having the power of perceiving by a glance down the page whether it contained anything which he was likely to make use of—a slip of paper lay on his desk, and was used as a marker, and with a slight pencilled S he would note the passage, put a reference on the paper, with some brief note of the subject, which he could transfer to his notebook, and in the course of a few hours he had classified and arranged everything in the work which it was likely he would ever want. It was thus, with a remarkable memory (not so much for the facts or passages themselves, but for their existence and the authors that contained them), and with this kind of index, both to it and them, that he had at hand a command of materials for whatever subject he was employed upon, which has been truly said to be "unequaled."

Many of the choicest passages he would transcribe himself at odds and ends of times, or employ one of his family to transcribe for him; and these are the extracts which form his "Common Place Book," recently published; but those of less importance he had thus within reach in case he wished to avail himself of them. The quickness with which this was done was very remarkable. I have often known him receive a parcel of books one afternoon, and the next have found his mark throughout perhaps two or three different volumes: yet if a work took his attention particularly, he was not rapid in its perusal; and on some authors, such as the Old Divines, he "fed," as he expressed it, slowly and carefully, dwelling on the page and taking in its contents deeply and deliberately,—like an epicure with his "wine searching the subtle flavour."

His library at his death consisted of about 14000 volumes; probably the largest number of books ever collected by a person of such limited means.

Here we must pause, for want of space, but we have only passed the introductory chapter of this volume. The rest of it must be reserved for future notices: it is the last, and, therefore, to be cherished.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

*Popular Mineralogy; comprising a familiar account of Minerals, and their Use.* By HENRY SOWERBY, Assistant Curator Linn. Soc. London: Reeve and Benham.

MINERALOGY is the only branch of natural history which has not yet been treated popularly; a hearty welcome will, therefore, be given to Mr. SOWERBY's first and successful attempt to familiarize the science to the unscientific. It is probably owing to the want of such an intelligible guide as this that mineralogy has not become a more popular study, for, in itself, it is quite as attractive and as amusing as zoology or botany. It is a source of continual interest, not to the tourist only, but to him or her whose world is bounded by his native hills, for there is no spot in which it cannot be pursued with success, for nowhere is there a quarry, a river, a rock, a rugged coppice, in which the mineralogist may

not find materials for his researches. Even a walk in the highway, barren to all others, will be a fruitful one to him, for he has but to pocket a few of the stones with which the road is repaired, and there is a study for him for a few hours at least. But Mr. SOWERBY's little volume will make thousands of mineralogists; his instructions are so simple, so clear, so pleasing; you fall in love with the science as you read; you look longingly at a hammer; you have an impulse to crack stones; you envy the quarry-men; you project rooms full of cabinets for your collections; you are an amateur of ores thenceforward. Mr. SOWERBY's book has done it all! And no wonder, for it is a charming book. He tells us everything we could desire to know about the mineral world, its distribution, its composition, its uses, and how its subjects are to be found, and known when found; and he makes this still plainer to the eye by a multitude of coloured plates, representing the most curious and beautiful of them, so that when we see a crystal we shall henceforth know instantly what is its name and character. Here, then, is a glorious book for a Christmas gift, combining the useful with the ornamental, pleasing both eye and mind. Is the author, Mr. SOWERBY, the Botanist? If so, we pray him to give us a similar book on the vegetable world.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*The East. Sketches of Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land.* By the Rev. J. A. SPENCER, M.A. London: Murray.

MR. SPENCER did not undertake a tour for the purpose of getting up a book. The journey was almost an accident, and he therefore excuses the absence in his book of learned or profound matter. There was no need of such an exercise of modesty; for Mr. SPENCER, in his careless and unstudied mood, is a very acceptable companion. He tells us, in an easy and unassuming manner, what he saw, and what he thought of all he saw. Notwithstanding the route which he traversed has been a hundred times described, he finds much to impart that is really novel and useful.

Mr. SPENCER is an observer of men, and he describes people as well as places and things. His arrival at Alexandria, Cairo, and Jerusalem, and his rambles about these cities, are described in a way that is quite reviving. We must be content to show more of Mr. SPENCER's manner by a few extracts. To follow him step by step would be tiresome to the reader, since we could not infuse spirit into what must necessarily be a dull and condensed enumeration.

Mr. SPENCER can judge well and correctly of men. He thus speaks of

##### THE LATE PASHA.

I shall not here pretend to enlarge upon his career, or that of his step-son Ibrahim Pasha; tyrants they were both, undoubtedly, according to our view of the correlative duties of ruler and subject; and many are the acts of treachery, wrong, and outrage, recorded on the page of history against them; but if we judge them by the standard of the country and people over which they ruled, we shall find occasion to mitigate very much the severe censure which rightly attaches to a large part of their public and private acts; and if we consider how much real advantage has resulted to Christians and strangers from the desire Mohammed Ali had of cultivating European customs and introducing European improvements into Egypt, we shall be disposed to rejoice at the good which has sprung out of evil and too often corrupt motives. Much, very much, has already been written by both French and English authors, respecting these two remarkable men; and I am well convinced that you can spare any lucubrations of mine on the subject. Abbas Pasha, however, the present ruler of Egypt, may be thought worthy of a sentence or two. He is the son of Toosom Pasha, the eldest and favourite son of Mohammed Ali; and a short time ago he went to Constantinople to be invested by the Sultan with the

pashalic of Egypt. There, it appears, they had discovered and understood what he is, and though treated with a great deal of outward attention, he was in reality shabbily used, and obliged to put up with things that would have roused all the ire of his grandfather. His character may be summed up in few words; he is a mixture of the bigot, fool, and debauchee; he has none of the talent of his grandfather, and all the concentrated dislike and ignorance of foreigners which belong to the most fanatical of his countrymen. His career, thus far, has been short and inglorious, and his measures—if they may be dignified with the name—have done him no credit, and involved him in disputes with the representatives of nearly every foreign power resident at his court.

Of the ancient capital of the PHARAOHS, Mr. SPENCER writes pleasantly. He was delighted with

#### THEBES.

Though we use the term Thebes in speaking of the great city which once exercised such wide sway in Egypt, you will understand that there is no modern town which will answer to this name, but that there are several villages, known as Luxor, Karnak, Medinet, Hahd, &c., which occupy the site of the ancient capital of the Pharaohs. So long ago as the time of Cambyse, the Persian conqueror, B.C. 525, Thebes received a blow to its prosperity, from which it never recovered; for the son of Cyrus spared no efforts to destroy the proud monuments of Egyptian power and glory; and, with a zeal more akin to insane fury, than aught else to which it can be likened, he sought to lay in ruins the metropolis of the country which he had conquered. Subsequently, too, one of the Ptolemies, B.C. 116, on occasion of a revolt against his authority, marched against Thebes, and wreaked his vengeance upon it, in a manner which it is impossible to characterize in the terms which it deserves; and there can be little doubt, that very much of the mischief which has been done to the temples and monuments in and about Thebes, is to be attributed to the deep and insatiable resentment of Ptolemy Lathyrus, quite as much as to the hatred manifested by the Persians against a system of worship and religion most odious in their eyes. \* \* \* Leaving Luxor, the traveller mounts his donkey, and, riding in a southerly direction about two miles, he arrives at Karnak, where, doubtless, are the most ancient remains of the glory and greatness of Thebes, and where the successive monarchs of old seemed to have lavished all their care, and striven each to outdo the other in works which should add to the renown of the metropolis, and carry down their names to the most remote generations. Visiting this last of all, as I did, the traveller finds Karnak to surpass all that he could have imagined; and he is for a time bewildered, and lost in the most profound astonishment, as he wanders amid ruins which cover so vast a space, and indicate a previous condition of glory and splendour, far, far beyond all that the world has ever since beheld. He spends some days here in endeavouring to gain a clear idea of what is before him; and leaving it with regret, when his allotted time has expired, he is ashamed to acknowledge to himself how little, after all, he has really learned, and how incompetent he is to pretend to speak with precision of what it contains. Most thoroughly, too, does the conviction force itself upon his mind, that, to appreciate Thebes, one must take up his residence here, and, being well prepared by previous study of Egyptian history and antiquities, must give months, where he has had to be content with days, and even hours.

Mr. SPENCER's speculations are always full of interest, because they are the earnest deliveries of a refined and intellectual mind. But we cannot do more than allude to them thus generally. Another bit of description will be acceptable from so accomplished a pen.

#### MOUNT TABOR.

Notwithstanding the desolation of Tabor, compared with its glory once, in other days, we beheld there what man has neither given nor can take away—the glorious view of the surrounding country, which is unsurpassed in all Palestine. I would that I possessed the power of graphic description, that I might tell you of what we

saw from the summit of this noble mount, and how deeply the beauty and splendour of the scene are written in our choicest recollections. How grandly loomed up in the far distance, to the north, the snow-crowned Jebel es Sheikh, the Hermon of Scripture! How picturesque appeared the hills and mountains to the north-east and the east, beyond and on this side the silvery Jordan, which springs out of their very bosom! How lovely seemed that lake, of all others most interesting to the Christian's heart, the Lake of Tiberias, a part of which we could plainly see! How noble toward the south looked the valley of the Jordan, Gilead, Gilboa, the Little Hermon, and the charming vales between! But how surpassingly beautiful, which I cannot find words rightly to express, was the scene in the west, as, at this commanding elevation, some fifteen hundred feet above the plain, we looked down upon Edraelon, in all its glory and magnificent verdure, its extent, its fertility, its loveliness, its surrounding hills, its streams and rivulets, its river, the Kishon, and its many, many points of attractiveness! Believe me, I stood as it were entranced on the steep brow of Tabor, and beheld this scene with emotions too deep for utterance.

*Three Years in California.* By Rev. WALTER COLTON, U.S.N. With Illustrations. New York: Barnes and Co.

THE good-humoured "alcalde of Monterey," preserves in this volume the characteristics we so recently noticed of his voyage to the Pacific in company with Com. STOCKTON. Afloat or ashore, Mr. COLTON is good company, bating a certain amount of persiflage, cheap sentiment, and an invincible habit of taking the shortest turns from fact to moralizing, we are acquainted with in any author outside of *Æsop*. But books being much in the nature of gifts, are like horses in similar circumstances, not to be looked at too curiously in the mouth. We must take them as we find them, and for what they are.

The interest of Mr. COLTON's volume appears pretty equally divided between his experiences as alcalde, an appointment he received from Com. STOCKTON on that energetic commander taking possession of Monterey, and a subsequent tour, on the breaking out of the gold fever, into the mining district. The alcaldeship has more than one touch of Spanish humour about it. Its power appears to have been supreme; the administration was summary, and extended over the widest social range, from family brawls to affairs of state, or, in our author's own language, "from the jar that trembles around the domestic hearth, to the guilt which throws its gloom on the gallows and the grave." The cases recorded are mostly of the domestic order, and the solutions, we are bound to add, do credit to the referee; who, unmindful of all precedents in calf skin, drew judicial wisdom, on all minor matters, at least, from that great fountain resorted to by SOLOMON—common sense. The pleadings and judgments are narrated with the least possible reference to the ordinary law reports. A California mother is distressed at the rival attentions of two suitors to her daughter's hand. Alcalde's decision: "Dismiss both the house till the lady sends for one of them." A daughter, on another occasion, runs away with a suitor, and the parents complain. The alcalde scents a wedding, but this time the fickleness of woman throws him out. The girl is satisfied with the adventure, and won't marry the lover. But experience and philosophy come to the aid of the alcalde. "Having been once myself a disappointed suitor, I had a fellow feeling for him, and advised the girl to marry him; but she said no, that she had changed her mind: so I delivered her to her

father, and told my brother in misfortune that he must wait; that a woman who had changed her mind once on such a subject would change it again."

Mr. COLTON, in fine, was acting the part of an oriental cad, with the Arabian Nights for a statute book, an excellent legal authority, for practical purposes better than Coke or Littleton. The caliph himself could not have made more equitable decisions. Unjust applicants were sent away confounded, the oppressed were relieved, scandal silenced, virtue rewarded, and all on the instant. What could more approve itself to a simple community than the prompt retaliation in this case of

#### A MOTHER FLOGGING HER SON.

A California mother complained to me to-day that her son, a full grown youth, had struck her. Usage here allows a mother to chastise her son as long as he remains unmarried and lives at home, whatever may be his age, and regards a blow inflicted on a parent as a high offence. I sent for the culprit; laid his crime before him, for which he seemed to care but little; and ordered him to take off his jacket, which was done. Then putting a riata into the hands of his mother, whom nature had endowed with strong arms, directed her to flog him. Every cut of the riata made the fellow jump from the floor. Twelve lashes were enough; the mother did her duty, and as I had done mine, the parties were dismissed. No further complaint from that quarter.

#### Or this

#### FLEA IN THE EAR OF A COMPLAINANT.

An Englishman called at the court to-day, and desired me to issue a warrant for the apprehension of his mistress, who, he said, had run away and carried off a rich shawl and diamond breast-pin which did not belong to her. I told him, when he entered into a criminal compact of that kind with a person, he might expect just such results as he had experienced,—and as for a warrant I should issue none, and would not if she had carried off everything in his house, and him too; for I should consider the community quit of two persons who could in no way benefit its morals. He looked not a little surprised at this decision, shrugged his shoulders, and departed. The first thing a foreigner does here is to provide himself with a horse; the second, with a mistress; the third, with a pack of cards. These, with a bottle of aguardiente, are his capital for this world and the next. This is true of many, but not all; there are some high and honourable exceptions.

Or, on the principles of moral equilibrium, this

#### SETTLEMENT OF A DIVORCE CASE.

A Californian, who had been absent some two years in Mexico, where he had led a gay, irregular life, finding or fancying on his return grounds for suspecting the regularity of his wife, applied to me for a decree of divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*. I told him that it was necessary, that on so grave a subject, he should come into court with clean hands; that if he would swear on the Cross, at the peril of his soul, that he had been faithful himself during his long absence, I would then see what could be done with his wife. He wanted to know if that was United States law; I told him it was the law by which I was governed—the law of the Bible—and a good law, too; let him that is without sin cast the first stone. "Then I cannot cast any stone at all, sir," was the candid reply, "Then go and live with your wife; she is as good as you are, and you cannot require her to be any better." He took my advice, is now living with his wife, and difficulties seem to have ceased. Nothing disarms a man like the conscious guilt of the offence for which he would arraign another.

The alcalde, in fact, seems to have been called in on all occasions, much like a country physician, and sometimes with equally ludicrous results. In the following night alarm we are again reminded of the fun of our old oriental readings of "the golden prime of good



HAROUN ALRASCHID," or, mayhap, of the De-cameron, or the gay lady of Navarre. "Matter of breviary," quoth PANTAGRUEL's chaplain, Friar JOHN :

#### HUMOURS OF A JEALOUS CALIFORNIAN.

*Saturday, Nov. 20.* I was tumbled out of my dreams last night by a succession of rapid and heavy knocks at my office door. Unbarring it, I found Giuseppe, a townsman, who stated, under an excitement that almost choked his voice, that he had just returned from the Salinas; that on entering his house he had discovered, through the window in the door leading to his bedroom, by the clear light of the moon, which shone into the apartment, a man reposing on his pillow by the side of his faithless spouse, and desired me to come and arrest him. I had understood that the spousa had not the reputation of the "icele that hung on Dian's temple," and had no great confidence in Giuseppe's domestic virtues either; but that was no valid reason why he should be so unceremoniously ousted of his domestic claims. I therefore ordered the constable, whom this midnight noise had now awoken, to go with him and bring the culprit before me.

Off they started, well armed with batons and revolvers. On reaching the premises the house was carefully reconnoitred, and every egress from the building securely bolted. They were now inside, and had conducted their operations so silently that they were unsuspected. The door leading to the bedroom was at the other end of the hall; they crept over the floor with steps so low and soft, each heard his heart beat, and the clock seemed to strike instead of ticking its seconds. Giuseppe's thoughts ran—

"I'll prove before I doubt; when I doubt, prove; And, on the proof, there is no more but this."

Through the panes of glass which relieved the panels of the door, they saw in the faint moonlight, which fell through the opposite window, the dark locks of the guilty intruder flowing over the husband's pillow. "I have a mind," whispered Giuseppe, "to rush in and plunge my knife at once to his cursed heart." "No, no," returned my faithful constable, "we are here to execute the orders of the alcalde, and if you are going to take the law into your own hands I will leave you. Hush! hark! he stirs! No; it was the shadow of the tree that flocks the moonlight." All was still and waveless again. The door was on the jar, and drawing one good long relieving breath, in they rushed, and seized—what? A muff! The husband could not believe his own eyes, and mused the muff up, jerking it this way and that, as if to ascertain if there was not a man inside of it. "You return late, Giuseppe," murmured his wife, scarce yet awake. "Oh, yes, yes, my dear, late, late," stammered the husband. "You have a friend with you," continued the unsuspecting spousa. "Yes, my darling; a friend from the Salinas, whom I have invited to take a night's lodging," replied Giuseppe. "Well, you will find a bed for him in the opposite room, and a candle and matches on the table," rejoined the spousa. So the twain went out, and having disturbed the bed assigned the friend sufficiently to give it the appearance of having been slept in, my constable slipped out and came home, denouncing all jealous husbands and ladies' muffs. This fluster cost me two hours' sleep, and Giuseppe a fee of three dollars to the constable. He would have paid forty times that sum to get free of the joke.

When the gold was discovered, in 1848, it was a most effectual clearing of the calendar. All the minor scoundrelism of the town evaporated to the diggings. The male sex deserted in a body. The dust became so abundant that all debtors paid up at once. Old scores were cleared off. The few who remained went back to first principles. Our alcalde turned cook, and blacked his own boots—and his diary grew pathetic at the sight of "the jewelled hand" of Lady L—"with a broomstick;" Lady B—from the Old Dominion, "floating between the parlour and kitchen;" and Lady M. L—"whose honeymoon is still full of soft seraphic light—unhouseling a potatoe, and hunting the hen that laid the last egg."

Were the officials of Monterey to be censured at such a crisis for undertaking a tour of inspection to the mines? We remember the newspaper obituration on the movement of this very party, including a son of Governor MARCY; but that was to be set down to party jealousy.

Had not the public been surfeited with stories of golden adventure, this portion of Mr. COLTON's book would produce a great sensation; but the invention of SINBAD, and his valley of diamonds, would hardly now keep us awake. It is enough for the present that our author confirms the thousand wild newspaper narratives which appeared us, but the other day, sheer Munchausenisms, by producing a new series equally wonderful. When the world shall have settled down again, after this great metallurgic spree, into the age of iron, how entertaining to the thirsty imagination will be Mr. COLTON's well narrated marvels. With great moderation, we shall now quote but one incident, and that, one of the least, for its picturesqueness.

#### AN OLD MAN AT THE DIGGINGS.

*Saturday, Nov. 11.* I encountered an old man to-day, sitting listlessly on a rock under the broken shade of a decayed oak. A few grey hairs strayed from under his camping-cap, and his face was deeply wrinkled; but his eye flashed, at intervals, with the fires of an unquenched spirit. He had not, he told me, obtained an ounce of gold in this ravine, and was about trying some other locality. I advised him to roll over the rock on which he was sitting; he said he would do it to please me; but as for gold, he might as well look for a weasel in a watchman's rattle. The rock was easily rolled from its inclined position; beneath it was found a layer of moss, and beneath this, in the crevices of another rock, a deposit of gold, in the shape of pumpkin-seeds, bright as if fresh from the mint, and weighing over half a pound. The eyes of the old man sparkled; but he was thinking of his home, and those left behind.

Mr. COLTON's narrative being in the form of a diary, is the means of preserving many scattered facts which might have been lost to a more regular composition. We are grateful to him for their preservation. Cheap as the article appears now, in the newspapers of the day, in a few years California items, of the first stage of its history, will be priceless. Let them be gathered and sifted now.

Of traits of manners, the following is curious and entertaining :

#### CALIFORNIAN NUPTIALS.

*Monday, Nov. 23.* It is said the Californians are born on horseback; it may also be said they are married on horseback. The day the marriage contract is agreed on between the parties, the bridegroom's first care is to buy or borrow the best horse to be found in his vicinity. At the same time he has to get, by one of these means, a silver-mounted bridle, and a saddle with embroidered housings. This saddle must have also, at its stern, a bridal pillion, with broad aprons flowing down the flanks of the horse. These aprons are also embroidered with silk of different colours, and with gold and silver thread. Around the margin runs a string of little steel plates, alternated with slight pendants of the same metal. These, as the horse moves, jingle like a thousand mimic bells.

The bride, also, comes in for her share in these nuptial preparations. The bridegroom must present her with at least six entire changes of raiment, nor forget, through any sentiment of delicacy, even the chemise. Such an oversight might frustrate all his hopes; as it would be construed into a personal indifference,—the last kind of indifference which a California lady will forgive. He therefore hunts this article with as much solicitude as the Peri the gift that was to unlock Paradise. Having found six which are neither too full nor too slender, he packs them in rose-leaves, which seem to flutter like his own heart, and sends them to the

lady as his last bridal present. She might naturally expect him to come next.

The wedding-day having arrived, the two fine horses, procured for the occasion, are led to the door, saddled, bridled, and pillioned. The bridegroom takes up before him the godmother, and the godfather the bride, and thus they gallop away to church. The priest, in his richest robes, receives them at the altar, where they kneel, partake of the sacrament, and are married. This over, they start on their return,—but now the gentlemen change partners. The bridegroom, still on the pillion, takes up before him his bride. With his right arm he steadies her on the saddle, and in his left hand holds the reins. They return to the house of the parents of the bride, where they are generally received with a discharge of musketry. Two persons, stationed at some convenient place, now rush out and seize him by his legs, and before he has time to dismount, deprive him of his spurs, which he is obliged to redeem with a bottle of brandy.

The married couple then enter the house, where the near relatives are all waiting in tears to receive them. They kneel down before the parents of the lady, and crave a blessing, which is bestowed with patriarchal solemnity. On rising, the bridegroom makes a signal for the guests to come in, and another for the guitar and harp to strike up. Then commences the dancing, which continues often for three days, with only brief intervals for refreshment, but none for slumber; the wedded pair must be on their feet; their dilemma furnishes food for good-humoured gibes and merriment. Thus commences married life in California.

Here is something of the past, of Mediæval Europe, which turns up strangely within the present limits of the United States.

#### A DRAMA IN A CHURCH.

*Thursday, Dec. 24.* As soon as the sun had gone down, and twilight had spread its sable shadows over the hills and habitations of Monterey, the festivities of Christmas Eve commenced. The bells rang out a merry chime; the windows were filled with streaming light; bonfires on plain and steep sent up their pyramids of flame; and the sky-rocket burst high over all in showering fire. Children shouted; the young were filled with smiles and gladness; and the aged looked as if some dark cloud had been lifted from the world.

While the bonfires still blazed high, the crowd moved towards the church; the ample nave was soon filled. Before the high altar bent the Virgin Mother, in wonder and love, over her new-born babe; a company of shepherds entered in flowing robes, with high wands garnished with silken streamers, in which floated all the colours of the rainbow, and surmounted with coronals of flowers. In their wake followed a hermit, with his long white beard, tattered missal, and his sin-chastising lash. Near him figured a wild hunter, in the skins of the forest, bearing a huge truncheon, surmounted by an iron rim, from which hung in jingling chime fragments of all sonorous metals. Then came, last of all, the Evil One, with horned frontlet, disguised hoof, and robe of crimson flame. The shepherds were led on by the angel Gabriel, in purple wings and garments of light. They approached the manger, and, kneeling, hymned their wonder and worship in a sweet chant, which was sustained by the rich tones of exulting harps. The hermit and hunter were not among them; they had been beguiled by the Tempter, and were lingering at a game of dice. The hermit seemed to suspect that all was not right, and read his missal vehemently in the pauses of the game; but the hunter was troubled by none of these scruples, staked his soul, and lost! Emboldened by his success, the Tempter shoved himself among the shepherds; but here he encountered Gabriel, who knew him of old. He quailed under the eye of that invincible angel, and fled his presence. The hermit and hunter, once more disentranced, paid their penitential homage. The shepherds departed, singing their hosannas, while the voices of the whole assembly rose in the choral strain.

We have a narrative, from day to day, of the first contest, at the breaking out of the war, with the wretched Mexican authorities at or below Monterey. They were dignified by the novel position and inferior numbers of the

invading Americans, who, on a narrow field, earned a lasting reputation of true patriotism and courage. With respect to the natives, this slight anecdote is the philosophy of volumes:

A CALIFORNIAN AND "THE FLAG."

Wednesday, March 17. I met a Californian to-day with a guitar, from which he was reeling off a merry strain, and asked him how it was possible he could be so light-hearted while the flag of his country was passing to the hands of the stranger. Oh, said the Californian, give us the guitar and a fandango, and the devil take the flag. This reveals a fact deeper than what meets the eye. The Californians as a community never had any profound reverence for their nominal flag. They have regarded it only as an evidence of their colonial relation to Mexico; a relation for which they felt neither affection nor pride.

FICTION.

*Singleton Fontenoy, R.N.* By JAMES HANNAY, Esq., late of H. M. Navy, Author of "Sketches in Ultramarine," &c. In 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1850.

*Singleton Fontenoy* is emphatically a remarkable novel. It is one of that order which makes an author's name at once; after which the public expect with confidence new works from the same hand, and good works with certainty: such a book as grows ineradicably into the reader's idea of the writer, and becomes the distinctive sign of his individuality. Several instances of this kind might be specified, and will readily occur to the recollection,—as of *Jane Eyre*, *Pickwick*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Conatarini Fleming*; few who have read *Singleton Fontenoy* will hesitate in adding one more to the list.

Mr. HANNAY is already and favourably known as the author of various tales and sketches written in a manner lighter and more occasional than is demanded by the three-volume novel, but still such as arrested attention on their own merits, while pointing to what lay beyond. Their promise is now amply confirmed and enlarged.

For some time we have not met in fiction with anything so brilliant as *Singleton Fontenoy*. It is all point and suggestiveness—a spar of crystal sharply cut, and catching the light at all its multiplied angles. But its brilliancy is not mere glitter. The style is as free from meretriciousness or floridity as it is from cumbrous dullness. The vigour and elasticity of the writing, the conversational ease, the accuracy and vividness of personal delineation, the refined and well-sustained subtlety with which the more eminent movers in the action are portrayed, and the aptness of illustration, are very striking. Single thoughts might be coined into gold, and pass current the world over. Mr. HANNAY delights too in sarcasm—a weapon which he wields with the practised sure sweep of a mower. He has at his command equally the Johnsonian tomahawk, the twisted dagger which lacerates and tears open, and the stinging Lilliputian needle. He has laid his hand even—not unworthily—on the sledge-hammer of CARLYLE, an instrument to whose stroke the anvil of the world rings.

Mr. HANNAY is highly original, but of a composite order of originality. He is a hero-worshipper. He is evidently also extensively read, and will turn everything to account. He receives at a thousand sources: and, when he gives us so largely of his own, it is only matter of congratulation that, mingled with

this and become now almost a part of his own native possessions, so much should be returned. From *Æschylus* and *Sappho*, through *Horace*, *Catullus*, and *Persius*, to *Goethe*, *Browning*, *Tennyson*, *Edgar Poe*, and *Coventry Patmore*; from *Tacitus* and *Plutarch* to *Gibbon*; from *Thales* to *Bacon*; from *Cicero*, *Seneca*, and *St. Augustine*, to *Erasmus*, *Rousseau*, *Carlyle*, *Emerson*, *Louis Blanc*, *Swedenborg*, *Wiseman*, *Jeremy Taylor*, and *Strauss*; from *Cervantes*, *Fielding*, and *Sterne*, to *Balzac*, *Thackeray*, *Disraeli*, *Lever*, and *Currer Bell*; authors of many ages and nations, and of various departments in literature, are laid under contribution for a sentiment, an analogy, a verse, or the indication of a train of thought. Mr. HANNAY admires frankly and heartily: he will even go out of his way to show it—as where he inserts a foot-note to declare *Edgar Poe* "one of the divinest poets of modern times:" nor is he niggardly in expressing praise of novelists, his contemporaries,—which he can well afford to do. This frequent and often critical reference to authors and books is not a casual circumstance of style, but seems matter of necessity to the writer, and becomes an essential element of his work; nor does it strike us otherwise, except in some rare instances where three or four author's names jostle together, one, as it were, taking the quotation out of the other's mouth.

*Singleton Fontenoy* is not a novel whose chief claim to applause lies in the interest or constructive excellence of its plot. On the contrary, if we consider this as an indispensable requisite in such works, the weak point of the novel must be recognised here. Its compensating charm consists in uniform liveliness and polish, and in the delicate completeness with which each scene and each character is successively presented. Thus it aims at diffusive rather than concentrated merit: and the reader, if he does not track the story from chapter to chapter, to find in one the unravelling of the other's mystery, gladly follows the author page after page, confident that the zest he has hitherto enjoyed will be with him to the end, and that the remaining matter will prove as self-sufficing as ever. Not, indeed, that Mr. HANNAY's tale is altogether without that unexplained secret which is wont to trail at a hero's feet till the close of volume three, as resonant and inevitable—and often, too, as palpable to all but its victim,—as a dog pursuing kettle: but of this anon.

SINGLETON FONTENOY is the son of a gentleman of ancient name, and unassailable social repute, in one of our northern counties: he has grown out of his "Paley," and his tutor. Vague and uncertain of his own aims, he is despatched to school. Here, however, he conceives for his preceptor's daughter that "kind of love which we experience only when we are very young; which has the purity of friendship and the aspiration of poetry; which is mystical, and has no gratification but of the soul; which passes from our being like a summer air from the sun's face, and which (this is the most melancholy characteristic of it) is seldom regretted." He believes himself enough in earnest to leave school by compulsory resignation, and returns home under auspices more than ever distressing to his "highly respectable" father. Matters are now in a crisis, and it becomes expedient that he should go to sea. He serves in the Syrian war (an expedition the motive and spirit of which, together with

the ruling principles of its conduct, Mr. HANNAY holds up to reprobation); his soul finds a friend, and his heart a woman to love. He is in turns dreamer, seeker, pupil; he passes through the stage of indifferent *ennuies*, the making the best of a life admitted purposeless to high ends; he reaches his last station with weary feet, and stands firm; brought back by love

To the glory that was Greece,  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

On his path SINGLETON is met by two influences: the friend whom he encounters on the threshold of manhood, and one appointed to have explored the way for him, and represent to his mind the mode and bearing of his final development. In these two personations, living with true life of our modern day, the author has condensed his strength. One, active, energetic, confident, quick in perceiving and using, the so-called "practical man of the present time; a reformer for others, unprejudiced as the mass of talent reckons prejudice; watching and mingling in public affairs with the interest of an expert player; not ambitious (so he is described), but striving to "get on;" a specimen of the class whose name and whose arch representative have been found and recorded by EMERSON, in "NAPOLEON, the man of the world." The other, a man working towards his own highest individualism—a philanthropist to whom philanthropy is an abstract end, or a means, scarcely a purpose; a sincere, convinced soul, disciple of the modern transcendental realism of which EMERSON is a priest; "optimist without fanaticism, quietist without indifference. He looked from a calm height at all evil, or, if he had to come near it, simply moved out of its way." This last embodiment especially—a type growing daily a more noticeable feature of the time—speaks loudly to Mr. HANNAY's independent and penetrating observation. None such, we believe, has been before attempted approaching this in seriousness and consistency.

The point on which the mystery of the story hinges is the fate of the hero's mother, and its unexplained influence on the circumstances of his love and friendship. It is not a very transparent mystery, neither is it very exciting, very necessary, or altogether probable. It is rather a strain on the reader's good faith to show him the hero as, up to his entrance on manhood, remaining in total and uninquiring ignorance of his mother's person, character, history, or fate; the interest of which, suddenly, after merely seeing her portrait, becomes the fixed idea that urges his aims. We think, too, that his early love undergoes too utter an eclipse: it appears once and for ever effaced from his experience, never more to occur to him even as recollection, or disquiet him in its relation to its object, if not to himself; and it seems to be far more for the reader's satisfaction than in order to release SINGLETON from any dilemma obnoxious to his own perceptions that LALAGE is quietly and incidentally married off out of the *dramatis personæ*. There are faults of construction hostile to *Singleton Fontenoy* as a novel, but which do not affect the qualities where its real strength is to be sought.

As peculiarities in which the author's self appears appears, we remark a somewhat frequent reference to the externals of aristocracy, titles, and old descent; and a trace of that confidential colloquial intercourse which is a system with its chief living master, THACKERAY, but which, being here only occasional, strikes as arbitrary, and sometimes even jars



as discordant; together with a tendency to the Thackeræan form of nomenclature—those pleasant gossiping designations, or portrait surnames, whose constant recurrence in the works of the author of *Vanity Fair*, links together so many otherwise unconnected productions unto one consecutive transcript of society, and confirms the impression of personal friendship between the author and his unknown reader.

We now proceed to quotation. Let Mr. HANNAY speak for himself in the following description of

#### THE PLAGUE ON SHIPBOARD.

"Just fancy," said Simms; "a fellow swam from the shore—a native; caught bold of the cable nearly drowning. They've pulled him on board." \* \* \*

In ten minutes Brunt came running in, "Did you ever see a person die, either of you?" he asked. "No."

Impelled by the fearful curiosity which carries us to the scene of the great mystery, they both followed him. They went inside a screen, and there they saw a dark swarthy man lying delirious, and galloping on to death. He was muttering away some words which they could not understand.

"Send Dato here," said Brunt. Dato was a Maltese, who served as a sailor on board the brig. He came, anxious, and wondering what the doctor wanted him for. When he caught sight of the dying man, all his native superstitions crowded on him. "Oh! sar," he said, crossing himself, "what you want me for?"

"Hush! you fool," said Brunt: "you know Arabic; is the man speaking Arabic?" Death had no terrors for the surgeon. He minded it no more than the stopping of a watch. The Maltese knelt down, and put his ear near the dying man's mouth, and again made the sign of the cross. They formed a curious group. The Maltese grinned like a negro with emotion; Brunt gazed calmly on; Simms shed tears; Singleton held his breath; prayer was stirring in the depths of his soul.

"He speak of his wife and little ones, sar," said the Maltese, looking up terrified.

"Poor fellow," said Brunt. "Hippocrates could not save him now."

"He speak of destruction—and ruin—and starvation—and revenge, sar," cried Dato, running out the words suddenly, and with big tears on his brown face. The muttering ceased; the face changed its expression; the head gave a short sharp vibration: life was gone. Singleton and Simms hurried away.

But what were the tidings that reached them soon, spreading through the ship like a fatal fire, making every face pale, and every heart beat?

Holy of Holies! The "Viper" had the plague!

This, then, was the dead man's avenger. This was the revenge which he had taken, for the ruin brought upon him by the English Crusade. He had left a curse as a legacy, and death for an executor. The plague was on board the brig.

In the morning they saw the ghastly emblem of the dread disease—a yellow flag with a black ball in the centre—flying from the fort, already, two men were seized on board. Nausea, faintness, delirium, death, were the steps in regular succession. Some died raving violently, some in a muttering torpor. Of some, the death-bed was attended by beautiful dreams. Some floated away to the dark river to the sound of soft music.

Like a wounded bird, that flies away, endeavouring to escape from the agony which it bears within itself, the "Viper" left Tripoli next day, and carried her agony into the loneliness of the sea. All the night before, they had heard from the shore the howl of the jackal. As she moved away in the forenoon, they saw two dark specks approaching. The specks increased in size: they were vultures, lured from their distant homes in Lebanon by the unerring instinct which tells them where there is death. At noon, two sharks were seen sailing about four hundred yards off, with their fins just above water. They had seen no sharks before. Yet there they were, drawn from some secret haunt by the promise of a feast.

Commander Tinsley assembled the officers in his cabin to deliberate, and to give his general instruc-

tions in the crisis. Everybody was present. There was a solemnity about the Commander's manner that contrasted strangely with his usual language and appearance. But the elements of tragedy are simple enough. Once bring in death, and your other *dramatis personæ* soon suit themselves to the play. When fair Ophelia's body enters, the grave-digger's jesting is forgotten. Tinsley consulted Flibb and Brunt. The surgeon was nervous, uncertain, and embarrassed. Brunt was cool and grand, confident and courageous, for Brunt had a theory: and very often a theory is as supporting as a religion.

One more morning, and here they all were still alive. Singleton used to say that every such morning seemed in itself a resurrection.

"It is odd," muttered Brunt at last, turning over paper after paper: "scarcely one case with symptoms of recovery. But I tell you what is odd: none of the officers have had it yet. Now, their number being in proportion to that of the whole crew in the ratio of"

"Hush, doctor!" interrupted little Simms, turning pale, and glancing round as if he thought death was listening: "don't give us such calculations. I declare there is no hope anywhere." So saying he pulled out a Bible, which his mother had given him, and, opening it in the psalms, he read aloud: "How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God: therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings." \* \* \*

It was rumoured that the captain was "seized;" and two or three of the men whispered that it was a punishment to him for saying that the plague had made the crew lazy. Welwyn and Singleton went upon deck soon after, and just as they reached it, Welwyn pinched Singleton's arm, and whispered, "look there." Looking aft, they saw old Bobus peering down the cabin skylight into Tinsley's cabin with eager curiosity. "Mark the ghoul," said Welwyn in disgust. Bobus raised his head, walked aft, and stretched his arms violently, with the air of one who is practising gymnastic exercises. "How well I know what he is thinking!" Welwyn continued. "He is testing his own health, and congratulating himself upon it."

Another morning. Once more the little band met in their berth, sound and well. Still the plague was going on. Still Brunt was active and hopeful: and still the awful notes of phenomena swelled. Whatever that theory might be which sustained the doctor's soul, death seemed the practical part of the affair. Simms read his Bible, and looked forward with timid hope. Welwyn was wrapped up in his serene philosophy; but poor Fontenoy was wretched—disturbed—miserable—he had no theory.

Oh! sceptical philosophers, who destroy, and cannot build; oh! fair poets, who dream, and do not teach; oh! brilliant essayists, who suggest, and cannot satisfy, behold your pupil here. Pleasant Lalage, whose face beamed dimmer through the past; fair Adela, star of the morning land; ye could bring him no consoling thought now. Better to have been spawned on the banks of the Nile in the olden time, and believed, if it were only in a brute, than to live amidst the wonders of civilization, and have no faith.

We will add a few extracts of scattered thoughts or indications of character, remarkable for their correct observation and genuine epigrammatic terseness, often highly poetic in expression and suggestion. And here we may observe that two or three poems occur in the course of the volume, one of which, "The Martyr," with its tone of delicate beauty dying plaintively on the thought, pleases us more particularly.

#### A MODERN NOVELTY.

He was one of those young gentlemen, everywhere to be met with now-a-days, who take extraordinary pains not to cultivate really promising abilities. I class the wasting of good talents among the decided phenomena of our day.

#### A CRITICISM.

There is a gaiety about Catullus which is as refreshing as music. He delights you, because he seems to delight himself. He pelt you with the flowers of his poetry, not that you may enjoy the perfume, but that

he may revel in the fun. It is all play and grace. It is a flow of animal spirits charmed by genius.

#### UNCONSCIOUS DEATH.

Totally insensible to the coming change, he was steeped in stupor; so that the effect to Fontenoy, who went to see him, was (as he described it to Welwyn,) that of seeing a person murdered. But happy they who die insensible, and whose first emotion is the presence of God.

#### ANCIENT AND MODERN MATERIALISTS.

There is nothing in our modern civilization that differs so much from that of the ancients as our materialism. Theirs was brilliant and attractive; ours is gloomy and utilitarian. Compare Horace and Tibullus with the tone of the sceptics of to day. They make life a short and fugitive, but a gay and sparkling scene. Our epicureans are coarse and selfish. Instead of *symposia* and the funeral pile extinguished with wine, we have heavy dinners and cheap funerals. This, however, is a favorable symptom. Now-a-days the best poetry and philosophy, even the best wit and humour, are on the side of faith and reverence.

#### PROSE AND POETRY.

The contrast between himself and Singleton was as striking as that between the allegorical headings given to the chapters of the "Song of Solomon," and the gorgeous glowing poetry of the song itself. Greater it could not well be.

#### THE SWEAT OF MAN'S BROW.

There is a noble beneficence in work. The first thing that happened to mankind was their getting turned out of a garden; and it sometimes occurs to me that it was the greatest piece of luck the race ever met with.

#### FEMALE PHILOSOPHERS.

Europe is now invaded by a band of female warriors, who sacrifice their feminine delicacy for the sake of literary and political influence; as the ancient Amazons seared their breasts that they might handle the bow.

The tale swarms with passages such as these, and with scenes bristling like a porcupine with repartee, or alluring with lifelike raciness and vivacity, from which we might quote *ad libitum*. But the reader has probably by this time already said with us, "It is certainly no common book."

The majority of novel-readers attach but one idea to what are called "naval novels." In the abstract, this is natural enough: they have hitherto met with them in one kind only. Unfortunately, some critics entertain the same preconceived notion; nor does perusal (for of course no critic writes without reading) appear to enlighten their judgment. Thus all novels of this class are labelled either as "worthy successors of MARYAT," or as unsuccessful attempts in the same line. They know that sea-water is salt, and suppose it must necessarily absorb all other tastes. Whether such be an adequate, whether it be a remotely-admissible verdict on Mr. HANNAY's book, let others pronounce. To ourselves, *Singleton Fontenoy* appears to be a novel the hero of which goes to sea: a novel whose author writes out of intimate acquaintance with sea-life, stamping his characters and scenes authentically with his own experience, reproducing, with the boldness of certainty, men and manners of his own seeing; but not the less for this shall we continue to believe it a novel having a purpose—intended and expressed—beyond the record of word, routine, and adventure on board ship; a purpose in which local or technical accessory is only an accidental circumstance, serving, not to retard, but to assist, its development.

*Lamia: a Confession.* In 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1850.

THIS story has a purpose. The author states his design to be, to convey the results of his reflection and of his experience of the evils resulting from "the want of sound and deeply-seated religious principle in the education of the gifted few who show, from early youth, the indications of a superior mind."

Those of gifted intellect, he asserts, cannot be left to the guidance of their own minds. They will indulge imagination to the destruction of all force of character; or if they take to Philosophy and Science it will be to the neglect of religion, or rather to the annihilation of it; wanting that, he says, Philosophy and Letters, Art and Science, are but snares. "They are benighted," he adds, "in that false light of a civilized and overpolished age, which confounds Mind with Soul, Reason with Morals, and worldly Wisdom with that higher Wisdom, which is not of this world."

Now, is he right in this? Is it true, in fact, that Philosophy and Science make men irreligious? On the contrary, we believe that their direct tendency is to foster the religious feelings, to make men more humble worshippers of the Divinity, whom they daily see in His works, and whose greatness none can estimate so well as they. But what the author and many who hold his opinions really mean by their complaint is, that the persons over whom they are lamenting do not always coincide with their notions of religion. Probably the former are the more religious of the two, but they do not acknowledge quite the same views of religion. But when two persons of equal intellect and intelligence differ in opinion, one is just as likely to be right as the other, and perhaps it may be that, instead of the author of *Lamia* lamenting over them, they should lament for him.

However this may be, he has certainly written a very pretty tale in support of his theory; he has sought to trace the effects of undirected genius in the fate of his characters. *LAMIA* is the heroine whose adventures read this lesson. *HENRY LUCY*, a country clergyman and his wife, are "the good" people of the tale. To them *LAMIA* relates her history, which is so full of adventure and excitement that we soon forget the moral in the narrative. In truth, the author is a far better novelist than preacher, and as a novel, this work cannot fail to please those who would have been offended, had it been more sermonizing. Whatever it teaches, it teaches by example rather than by precept.

The style is pure almost to fastidiousness; its characteristic is grave. There is little power, but great carefulness in the composition, and much refinement of thought.

Some commendation also is to be bestowed upon the author for having broken through the spell of the three-volume system. Why a novel should consist of just three volumes, neither more nor less, is a mystery which has never been explained. The fashion is a very foolish one, for all subjects cannot be properly made of equal length; some must be widely expanded and others as injuriously compressed. Honour to the author of *Lamia* for daring to defy the prejudice, and when his story was told, stopping with the same. It is said that an orator's greatest art is to know when to sit down. It is no less the accomplishment of a writer to know when to lay down his pen.

*Lettie Arnold.* By the Author of "Emilia Wyndham," &c. In 2 vols. London: Colburn.

MRS. MARSH has, in this novel, sought to portray the miseries of the needlewomen, brought so prominently before the public by the letters on "Labour and the Poor" in *The Morning Chronicle*. The story is of two daughters of a country clergyman, well-born, well-educated, but reduced to penury by the death of their parent, and compelled, as the only refuge from starvation, to resort to needlework for subsistence. In this situation they experience all the grinding of "dishonourable" tradesmen, all the insolence and heartlessness described so vividly by Mr. MAYHEW, and are only rescued at last from death, or a fate worse than death, by the interference of a lady who had accidentally learned their history, and who helps them to more congenial situations. Mrs. MARSH has depicted, with her usual vigorous and truthful colouring, the various grades of servitude through which needlewomen are wont to pass, and thus brought prominently under the notice of her readers the oppressions and cruelties of each, from the work-rooms of the fashionable milliner, who kills her apprentices by hard work, close air, and insufficient food, to the still greater horrors of shirts made at home at earnings of sixpence for a day of eighteen hours. Humanity is under an obligation to Mrs. MARSH for having brought this subject so forcibly under the attention of her own sex (this novel appeared in *The Ladies Companion*), for we are sorry to say that they are the encouragers and supporters of the system. It is their love of bargain-hunting, the attraction which a promise of cheapness has for them, that has tempted shopkeepers to try to win their custom by ticketed low prices, and compensating for the reduction at the counter by curtailing the remuneration of the humble dependant by whose industry his goods were produced. It cannot be denied that in almost every household is to be heard the recommendation of Mr. A. because he sells an article of dress sixpence cheaper than Mr. B., forgetful that this sixpence is wrung from the starving workwoman, and that the pleasure of the trumpery saving to the lady is bought at the fearful price of health and life to the sempstress. No doubt the excess of competition for work which every female can execute enables the unscrupulous to obtain their labour on their own terms; but for this reason there should be the less encouragement to the exercise of so fatal a power. The remedy is in the hands of the public. Let all—the ladies especially—resolve not to be tempted by the cheap shops. Let them cheerfully give fair prices to respectable men, who are known in their turn to pay fair prices to those whom they employ. *The Morning Chronicle* might add to its services by publishing a list of tradesmen, employing needlewomen, who do pay fairly, so that they who desire to encourage fair dealing may know where to resort. Nay, if *The Morning Chronicle* will not, we should not scruple to do so. There can be no harm in announcing the good tradesmen, although it might be libellous to denounce the bad ones; but the former list would suffice for the purpose desired—namely, dealings where the dealings are just.

But to return to *Lettie Arnold*. The young ladies are rescued from the last stage of degradation, and promoted—the one to a place in a country house, where she ultimately marries the curate, and becomes a very model of a

clergyman's wife: the other is apprenticed to a fashionable milliner, where she sees all the secrets of that kind of establishment, and finally marries a tailor, smitten with a fever for poetry and the drama, and despising the meaner arts of his trade and the low domestic cares—with what consequences may readily be guessed.

To say that Mrs. MARSH is the author suffices to enable the reader to estimate the style. All who are familiar with her former works—and who is not?—will anticipate the gratification they will derive from such materials as we have indicated, worked up by her skilful and practised hand.

*Angela.* A Novel. By the Author of "Emilia Wyndham," &c. London: Tegg & Co.

THIS is the latest addition to *Colburn's Standard Novels*, a series distinguished for the production of the best works of the best writers, each in a distinct volume, of convenient cabinet size, beautifully printed and sold for a few shillings. Mrs. MARSH is an authoress of established fame, and any work of her's is sure to command popularity, and be eagerly bought when it is placed within the reach of the general public in a cheap form and at a cheap price. And *Angela* is one of her best novels. We noticed it at some length when it first appeared, a few months since; we have now, therefore, only to record its republication in this new form to recommend it to our readers to buy, as we then recommended them to borrow, it.

*Jack Sheppard.* A Romance. By WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq. London: Chapman and Hall.

A CHEAP edition of a tale that has, in past days, caused more alarm than was due to it, and that, with many perfections, has undoubtedly some blemishes. As all, even truant schoolboys, and curious adults, have read the famous production, they will perhaps be glad of a shilling edition to revive their memories.

#### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*Historic Scenes and Poetic Fancies.* By AGNES STRICKLAND, Author of "Lives of the Queens of England." London: Colburn.

THIS volume contains Miss STRICKLAND's earliest literary productions, written, she says, "when the vivid feelings and perceptions of a young heart and ardent imagination found their natural language in poetry." Perhaps it is so, seeing that every boy and girl between the ages of fourteen and twenty perpetrates poetry—or rather verses, which they mistake for poetry. The philosophy of the matter is simply this: the imagination is developed before the reasoning faculty. When it first begins to stir (about the age of fourteen), the conceptions it forms are very dreamy and vague; they cannot be described, because they are not defined, the youth mistakes their vagueness for sublimity; he supposes his new emotions to be an inspiration; to attempt to express them in plain prose is like an attempt to tell a dream when we are wide awake—it betrays their emptiness. But in verse he may be, or thinks he may be, as vague as his ideas; that he may pile together epithets that have more sound than sense, until the mountain of adjectives is as grand as his idea. Nor is it until he arrives at years of discretion, when reason is developed in her turn, and the imagination tamed a little by measuring itself against realities, that he discovers what a trash of words without meaning is that which he had once deemed so beautiful, and that the utterances which he had mistaken for the inspirations of genius, were, after all, only the incoherences of an infant faculty learning the use of its limbs and tongue.



We do not say that Miss STRICKLAND's youthful poetical fancies are of this sort, but undoubtedly she has consulted her true mission in forsaking verse for prose. She has written much excellent rhyme, and some respectable poetry, as the volume before us testifies, but her vocation is not poetry: she is not a poet born, nor has fortune made her such. Her lot is cast with the sober teachers of the world, who talk and write plain prose, one of whom is worth a hundred second-rate poets. She has chosen the better part, more profitable by far both to herself and to the world, than would have been the prosecution of the employment the results of which are contained in the pages upon our table.

But, even here, she displays the taste that has since taken so decided and useful a direction. Her early poems were historical: the greater portion of this volume is occupied with descriptions in rhyme of historical scenes and anecdotes, prefaced usually with interesting and often valuable notes on the incident versified, the product of the researches which had then been commenced, and have since fructified into compositions that will be remembered and read when the poetry is forgotten.

The reader will note in these productions of Miss STRICKLAND's muse, amid an extraordinary facility of versification, and singular skill in all the mechanism of poetry, the absence of the *genius* of poetry; there is a paucity of *original ideas*; you cannot lay the finger on passages in every page and say "this is a new thought," as you may with the works of a true poet. There is an absence of positive faults, but there is the absence also of positive excellencies.

We are aware that our standard of poetry is a high one, and that we are deemed somewhat over-fastidious in our judgments upon this department of our Journal. It may be so, and we should regret if we do injustice to real merit. But our dogma is, that poetry, like all the fine arts, admits of no medium: it must be good and genuine, or it is worthless. Mediocrity even is not permissible: it addresses itself to the loftiest faculties of our nature; if it fails to touch these, it fails altogether, and they who want the genius requisite for the purpose, ought to content themselves with speaking in prose.

Nevertheless there are many very pretty and very pleasing poems in this volume, and all of them are vastly superior to the usual strain of juvenile compositions. We rejoice only that Miss STRICKLAND has proved herself to be so superior to them. Had she never written anything else, this would have won for her a respectable place in the passing literature of the time, as witness two or three which we cull from the collection, as among her happiest efforts.

The same subject has been treated by two poetesses, and a comparison of them will at once explain the remarks we have made above.

This is by Miss STRICKLAND:

#### THE MILL-STREAM.

Oh! Mill-stream! sweet Mill-stream! 'tis pleasant to hear  
The gush of thy waters still murmuring near,  
As they sing at their task through the long summer day,  
And leap to the sunbeam, and flash back its ray.

But sweeter, far sweeter, at evening's mild close,  
Thy soft-lulling fall pour its hymn of repose,  
As its cadence is mixed with the sigh of the breeze,  
The warbling of birds, and the waving of trees:

Or through the lone watches of midnight's deep noon,  
When bright on thy bosom reposes the moon,  
And each planet looks down, like a lover, from high,  
To hear thee still trilling thy wild lullaby.

Thy music is heard in the tempest's dread hour,  
'Midst the moan of the blast and the plash of the shower,  
And though vex'd with their strife, as thou rushest along  
Thy wrath only adds deeper notes to thy song.

Oh, Mill-stream! sweet Mill-stream! thy murmurs appear,  
Like the voice of a friend forgotten and dear;  
There's a charm in each tone that divinely flings back  
The garlands of youth o'er life's desolate track.

They are twined with those links that reel to my soul  
The days of the past, with a pensive control;  
Ere the cold cruel world, with its falsehood and strife,  
Had blighted the flowers and enchantments of life;

When Hope was unclouded, and Fancy's bright zone  
Encircled each object with lights of her own,  
And with feelings more raptured than thrones ever gave,  
I first heard, lovely streamlet, the dash of thy wave.

Who does not remember Mrs. HOWITT's charming treatment of the same subject.

There can be no question which of these contains the finest poetry. Now there is poetry in the next we take:

#### FALLING LEAVES.

Leaves that are strewn on the cold lap of earth,  
How changed are ye of cheer,  
Since the gay morning of the year;  
When from the budding bough  
Ye freshly sprang to birth!  
What are ye now!

The trembling sport of each capricious gust,  
Which, in its ruffian play,  
Doth whirl ye far away;  
Then to the reckless tread  
That rudely tramples ye to dust,  
Unpitied spread.

Oh, when I think of the first vernal hues  
Of that delicious green,  
At your unfolding seen,  
So fair, but brief of date;  
Poor fallen leaves I cannot choose  
But mourn your fate!

Ye have rejoiced in dews and balmy showers,  
And in the sunny pride  
Of spring and summer-tide,  
And wonted with the breeze,  
That murmured through the blossomed bowers  
And waved the trees!

And ye exulted for a little day,  
When tinged by autumn skies  
With the deceitful dyes,  
That deck the parting year,  
Whose brightness heraldeth decay,  
And speaks it near!

Wild winds will chant your requiem a brief space,  
And soon the showers will fall  
On your funeral pall,  
To weep your closing scene,  
And, blent with earth, ye'll leave no trace  
Ye e'er have been!

How ye resemble the uncertain things  
That form earth's transient joys,  
Vain and delusive toys,  
In fickle charms arrayed,  
To which the fond heart madly clings,  
E'en while they fade!

They fade, and leave a wintry waste behind,  
Too oft, in youth's fair prime,  
To which revolving Time  
Can bring no second spring;  
But o'er a crushed and blighted mind  
Sweeps its dark wing!

Oh! seek the flowers immortal in their bloom,  
Nor gather wreaths to twine  
O'er every idol shrine,  
To which that love is given,  
Designed to gild earth's dreary gloom  
With lights of heaven!

We add for the amusement of our readers, who love a puzzle, a very clever

#### ENIGMA.

From a race the most scorned and ignoble it springs,  
Yet is loved by the learned and trusted by kings;  
The sceptre's a bangle when placed by its side,  
And the crown would be useless if this were denied.  
'Tis the power of the monarch, the people's defence,  
It can win them to peace, or to madness incense,  
It is silent—yet eloquence has at command;  
'Tis the statesman's assistant, the pride of each land;  
It is voiceless—and yet from the south to the north,  
To the ends of the earth has its language gone forth.  
It familiar has been with the learning of ages,  
With the folly of fools, and the wisdom of sages.  
More various its uses, in good or in ill,  
Than the changes of April, or womankind's will.  
Death oft hangs on its motion, and life is its gift;  
It can sink to despair, or to ecstasy lift,  
'Tis the aider of good, or promoter of evil,  
The servant of God, or the tool of the devil.

The historical ballads are by far the best poems in this volume, but they are too long for our restricted limits.

#### The Spirit of the Seasons, and other Poems.

By JAMES SPILLING, Composer, Ipswich.  
London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1850.

#### The Mission of Sympathy; a Poem in four Cantos.

By WILLIAM S. VILLIERS SANKEY, M.A. London: Pickering. 1850.

#### Hymns: translated from the Welsh.

By MRS. PENDEREL LLEWELLYN, Llangynwyd Vicarage. London: Pickering. 1850.

A volume of poems by a compositor in a provincial town. In the days of BURNS, of BLOOMFIELD, or of CLARE, the title-page would have excited surprise and inquiry. In the present day we are no more astonished by this qualification than by the "M.A." subjoined to the name of Mr. SANKEY, and it is matter rather perhaps of anticipation than of wonder when we find the former volume considerably better than the latter. Not, indeed, that Mr. SPILLING's compositions can claim to be regarded as real poetry; but, as verse, they are generally correct, in purpose sensible, and congruous in expression; and, on the whole, sufficiently agreeable. The principal poem is stated to have been "written for the purpose of being recited by a young friend of the author's, at a meeting of the Members of the Ipswich Young Men's Association!" The success it met with on this occasion gave rise to its publication by request. It aims at asserting the typical significance of the seasons,—an object apparently commenced in a spirit of more originality than is maintained to the close of its execution. This and "the Sisters" are the most creditable poems of the collection,—with one exception. The following verses are suggested by an extremely graceful and delicate, though debateable idea:

#### STANZAS.

Breathe soft and low, thy spirits flow,  
Dear maid; for o'er the skies  
The silver stars their love-light throw,  
More pure than thy sweet eyes.  
From haunted glades and mystic shades  
A holy breathing creeps  
Along the ground, with dreamy sound,  
Where Nature softly sleeps,  
In elemental beauty bound,  
And lulled by falling dews.

And, while yon heaven-voiced nightingale,  
'Mid twittering leaves above,  
Tells o'er the vale his plaintive tale,  
We may not speak of love.  
For, though thine eyes dart soft replies,  
As thy hand is pressed in mine,  
The love that has birds, flowers, and skies,  
For its eternal sign  
Is deeper in its purity,  
Dear maid, than mine or thine.

It will not seldom be found that writers, with no claim to general poetic eminence, produce some one composition or so beyond their own compass, as it would seem. Assuming (which we do not call in question), that Mr. SPILLING is indebted to no one but himself for the above poem, we think this may be looked upon as an instance of the kind. It exhibits qualities which, if under the author's control, would warrant us in expecting future efforts of more uniform value than the present.

The second volume under review is one of those distressingly not incorrect performances (happily not now very frequent) supposed by their authors to be written in the spirit of the poetry of last century; and recognised by the reader (we mean of course the reviewer) as reproducing nothing beyond the lifelessness of its worst examples. Gentlemen of this class

seem to imagine that a gown which has been washed out requires, not dyeing, but a second washing. Mr. SANKEY professes to have been actuated by a laudable purpose in writing. We respect him for it, and doubt not it will bear fruit elsewhere. We cannot say the "mission" of his book is practically of "sympathy" towards any into whose hands it may fall. In one respect only can we conceive that its manifold tendencies in an opposite direction may be counterbalanced; if it cannot amuse or edify you, it will probably set you to sleep.

Mrs. LLEWELLYN's translations are specimens rendered from "a small selection of hymns &c., in Welsh," the composition, with a single exception, of the Rev. WILLIAM WILLIAMS of Pant-y-celyn, "and well known throughout the Principality;" and it is suggested that they "may be found useful in those parts of Wales where the people are bilingual." The original and its translation are here printed on opposite pages; Mrs. LLEWELLYN appearing, so far as we can gather, to have done her part with fidelity. The tone of the hymns is uniformly unpretending and simple; evidently not on grounds of poetic law, but as an appeal to those for whom they are designed in the form most habitual to them and best suited to their feelings. The following is the only one which can be considered with any definite reference to art. Here is compined some poetic with the pervading religious simplicity:

Jesu's Love and Zion's sinning  
Were in Heaven's balance tried;  
And, though grievous was the sinning,  
Love outweighed when Jesus died.  
*It is finished,*  
Turned the scale on Mercy's side.  
  
Be His Love my meditation;  
May my song His Love recite:  
Let the Saviour's Cross and Passion  
Every grateful thought excite.  
Hallelujah!  
Jesu's Love is infinite.

*Sacred Incidents.* By PSYCHOLOGIST. London: Hampden and Co.

THE prospectus of a poem which the author threatens to write and recite at a sort of panorama of Sacred History proposed to be exhibited next year, the poem and the pictures also to be published in a book. Why not the pictures without the poem? The author's friends should look to him. A commission would save him from a wanton waste of his fortune.

*The Complete Dramatic Works and Miscellaneous Poems of William Shakespeare, with Glossarial Notes and Life.* By N. ROWE. London: Richardson and Son. 1850.

AN octavo edition of SHAKESPEARE'S Complete Works in one volume of 800 pages. The reader will infer that small type is used throughout—nevertheless the printing is clear. The book is in a strong cloth binding, and the price is small.

#### RELIGION.

*The Lives of the Venerable Mother Margaret Mary Alacoque, and of St. Catherine of Bologna.* London: Richardson.

THE second volume of a series of Lives of the Saints of the Romish Church. It is curious and amusing. We heartily welcome such publications as these; they will make no converts, for it needs the already prejudiced eye of a credulous believer to peruse them without a very keen sense of the ridiculous. To the unbiassed reason such things as are here recorded appear very much like blasphemy. But

we must confess that some of the tracts circulated by faithful Protestants are very little better, so difficult it is to take the beam out of our own eyes while we discern the mote in the eye of our brother.

It is difficult to conceive the debasement of the mind that could believe as a fact the following occurrence gravely related in this volume. It is told of

CATHERINE OF BOLOGNA.

The favour which she received on Christmas night, in the year 1435, was not less remarkable; it is she herself who relates it, and it is thus we have come to the knowledge of it: "God wishing," she says, "again to try his servant, withdrew from her the sensible proof of his love, by causing those delightful visits to cease, which Jesus had often deigned to make her, when he presented himself to her mental vision in all his ravishing beauty. But this privation caused her such sorrow, that from that time she was always mourning and weeping. After enduring this suffering a long time she finally asked permission of her mistress, to pass the night of Christmas in the church of the monastery, and she obtained it. She went there then as soon as she could, with the intention of reciting a thousand Ave Marias in honour of our most Blessed Lady: and this she really did with all the attention and fervour she was capable of, and she was occupied in this way till midnight, the hour when it is believed, our Saviour was born. At this very hour she saw our blessed Lady appear holding in her arms the infant Jesus wrapped up in linen clothes, as newly-born infants commonly are. This kind mother came to her and gave her, her Son. I leave you to conceive what the joy of this poor creature was, when she saw herself holding in her arms the Son of the Eternal Father. Trembling with respect but still more inebriated with love, she took the liberty, of caressing him, of pressing him against her heart, and of bringing his face to her lips, which filled her with such delight, that her soul seemed to melt like wax in the sunshine.

From the pure flesh of this divine Infant there came a fragrance so delicious that nothing in the world is like it. But what shall I say of his ravishing beauty? Nothing, because it seems impossible to give the slightest idea of it. But I cannot help exclaiming, "Heart void of feeling! heart harder than the most insensible object in nature! how could you resist a joy so intense? why were you not melted like snow before the fire, when you held in your arms him who is the splendour of the Father's glory?" For this vision did not come during sleep, nor was it imaginary, or simply seen by the mind's eye. It was indeed Jesus really and corporally seen, without any veil, or without being so much as hidden under the sacramental species. Still when the poor creature we speak of dared to move her lips towards the divine Infant's mouth he disappeared, leaving her however filled with a joy that for a long time after made her tremble whenever the remembrance of this favour came into her mind.

Catherine's own narrative was not the only proof of this incredible familiarity she enjoyed. God was pleased to make it known in various ways for the honour of his servant, and the consolation of those persons who surrounded her. Thus, in the first place, her lips and her cheek, which had touched the face of the infant Jesus, remained of a beautiful red colour, which could still be perceived even a long time after her death by those who looked at her with a little attention; this was the more extraordinary, as in her lifetime she had a dark yellow complexion, and after death her face became black from the humidity. Secondly, her breath exhaled a fragrance so sweet, that the nuns and other persons with whom she conversed, were filled with wonder at it. But, thirdly, what attracted still more the attention of all her sisters, was, that when she came after this vision to take her place among them, as they were singing matins, the choir was suddenly filled with the sweet smell that she respired, and the sisters remarked that this fragrance, which was delicious to their senses, spread a heavenly joy in their souls.

What is the miracle of the Winking Virgin to this! Yet is this but a slight specimen of the sort of creed which the Pope and his Car-

dinals have madly dreamed they should win the people of England to accept. This is what Oxford and the Puseyites hoped to have brought us to. They have shown the cloven-foot too soon. The Protestant spirit of a free people is fairly roused, and superstition has no chance of making head here for our generation at least.

*Nineveh: its Rise and Ruin.* By the Rev. JOHN BLACKBURN, Pastor. London: Partridge and Oakley.

A COURSE of lectures, suggested by the perusal of LAYARD'S *Nineveh*, delivered at Claremont Chapel, in which the discoveries of the traveller are employed to illustrate the truths of scripture. The discourses are eloquent and very interesting. This is what preaching should be, if it is desired to make more attentive listeners.

#### EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

*Illustrated Ditties of the Olden Time.* Brighton: Folthorp.

WE are almost ashamed to class this exquisite volume among children's books, for it should be placed under the department of art, to which it more properly belongs, and a very charming work of art, too. But the artist has chosen to address it to children, and, therefore, we must notice it here, with other productions designed for them. But, though illustrating nursery rhymes, the drawings are of the very highest art, both in design and in execution. There is not, as might have been expected, even an attempt at humour, but the rhymes are used to suggest a picturesque group, which is composed and drawn with extraordinary skill. Thus, "Humpty Dumpty" is exhibited in a group of knights beneath a castle wall, who are looking at the broken egg, which one of them stoops to pick up, and he is evidently telling them that

Not all the King's horses, nor all the King's men,  
Can put Humpty Dumpty together again.

So, "Ding, dong, bell," is represented by a sweet cottage scene, the dog pulling pussy cat out of the well, and the naughty boy who had thrown her in stealing away through the garden gate. "Sing a song of sixpence" shows us, in first-rate drawing and engraving, the entire history narrated in that famous ballad, from the opening of the pie to the blackbird snapping off the nose of the maid in the garden. In this manner some thirty or forty popular rhymes are depicted, always with rare grace and drawing, which we can compare only with the truth of DOYLE, but without his humour. Such a book for children as this has never been published before. It is also gorgeously bound in scarlet and gold, and as it is the earliest, so it will be the most popular and the most acceptable gift-book of the coming season.

*The Norman Conquest, and the manner in which the People of England lived during the Reign of William the Conqueror.*

*The Conquest of the Romans and Britons by the Saxons.*

*The Ancient Britons, their Manners and Customs.*

*Life and Times of Alfred the Great.* London: Dean and Son. 1850.

A SERIES of cheap, brief, and well-written histories, in easy language and large type, and suited for very young children. There are also illustrations, and of a much superior class to those generally found in books intended for children. Messrs. DEAN and SON are also publishing a series of short tales, got up in a similar manner, and in which excellent wood-cuts are interspersed. One excellent aim in these tales seems to be to inculcate moral lessons without making religion too severe a task-master.

*A Short and Simple History of England.* By the Rev. B. G. JOHNS. London: Darton and Co.

REALLY short and really simple; two qualities often advertised, rarely found. Hence it is fitted to be a book for the reading of children, and is almost the only history of England we ever inspected which was so. It has the further merit of being very pictorial in style, and that is another requisite for a youthful audience.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

*A Treatise on Grammatical Punctuation.* By JOHN WILSON. Second edition. London: Whitfield.

Six years ago we had occasion to notice this work with warm commendation. The public verdict has confirmed the opinion we then expressed, and a second edition has enabled the author considerably to extend his useful teachings. How much need there was of a systematic and scientific guide to punctuation will be apparent to every person who inspects a letter, or a manuscript of any kind, by almost any person, however well educated, for he will certainly find in it a most reckless defiance of rules in the use of *points*: colons usurping the place of commas, and commas curling their tails where there should be a full stop. Authors are equally guilty of the same sin against the sense of their writings, and if they were not corrected by the better knowledge of the printers, their books would be very painful and perplexing to the reader. But even printers are not perfect in the art: they usually punctuate by habit, without any reason why, and although, in ordinary cases, this habit serves in the stead of science, there are frequent occasions where they find themselves in doubt, and then chance rules the place of the stop. Mr. WILSON has undertaken to teach the art of punctuation scientifically, so that writers and printers may know where to stop, and why. He has done this in a most systematic manner, and made himself clearly intelligible to the dullest capacity. He treats of each of the points in turn, and states the rules for its use, with numerous instances of its use, abuse, and misuse. In a valuable appendix now first added to this edition, he gives some excellent instructions for the use of capital letters, an alphabetical list of abbreviations which are in use among authors, and should be understood by printers, and a specimen of the manner in which corrections are marked on proofs. To authors and printers this volume is not merely a luxury, it is a necessity, and the printing office that has not one at hand for reference deserves to be excommunicated. But, in truth, there is not a letter writer in the land who might not consult Mr. WILSON's treatise with advantage to himself and his correspondents. No school should be without it.

*Chambers's Papers for the People.* Vol. V. Chambers. 1850.

THIS cheap and excellent series of papers contains many that are valuable, not only for their skill but for their completeness. They are the greatest improvement upon the general tone of cheap literature that has been yet offered. Should their publication succeed in a commercial sense, as we believe it does, it will be an evidence that there is room for good writing among the lower and middling classes. Perhaps none could so well supply the want which the sale of these volumes proves to exist, as can the Messrs. CHAMBERS. Their resources are vast, and their power of adapting materials such as only long experience can mature. The volume before us contains "Secret Societies of the Middle Ages;" "Rajah Brooke and Borneo;" "The Last of the Rathvans;" "The Education Movement;" "Antarctic Explorations;" "The Queen of Spades—Antonio Melidori;" "Jewish Life in Central Europe;" "William Wordsworth."

*Hand-book for the Use of Visitors to Harrow-on-the-Hill.* Edited by THOMAS SMITH, Author of "An Historical and Topographical Account of the Parish of St. Marylebone." London: W. N. Wright. 1850.

It is wonderful that Harrow should so long have been without a help for visitors such as that which Mr. SMITH has now provided. "The road from London to Harrow," and then "The Parish," are described. The "Early History" is told at some length, and every object, natural and artistic, personal and general, past and present, is described with much minuteness, and in such a way as to afford really pleasant reading. Such chapters as "Views from Harrow," and "Eminent Harrovians," are rarely found in small guide books—still we should miss them much if absent here. The illustrations add to the completeness of the book.

## PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

THE November number of *The North British Review*, is a brilliant one. It is very much what the Edinburgh was. It abounds in racy and vigorous writing; power is in every page; hard heads are employed upon it; the most interesting questions of the day are handled with a fearlessness that revels in its own liberty of thought and speech. It opens with a review of *Carlyle's Pamphlets*, which are estimated highly, but without partial blindness to their manifest faults and weaknesses. "The Philosophy of Language" is a learned paper, but learning is made interesting by the popular form of its expression. There are two biographical articles, on LEIGH HUNT and Dr. HENCH, both of whom appear to be very fairly and truly estimated by the reviewer. "The Agricultural Crisis" is an admirably reasoned article, showing in the most convincing form the advantages of free trade, and teaching the farmers how the crisis may be met, and the difficulties of the transition state overcome. A paper on "The English Universities" shadows out the reforms that must be wrought in them to adapt them to the times, and prevent them from being any longer the nurseries of enemies to the Protestant faith, and the liberties and independence of the realm. Oxford must not be permitted to remain the stepping-stone to Rome: supported by the State to cut the throat of its parent. The time for indulgence is past, and the Protestant people of the realm will insist upon protection against danger from within. They will protect themselves against dangers from without. "The Language of Italy and Italian Dictionaries" is another learned paper of less general interest than its companions. An article on "The Progress and Prospects of the British Association for the Advancement of Science" completes the number.

*The Eclectic Review*, for November, is rich in its themes. In general literature we have very able reviews of *Mervale's Rome*; WORDSWORTH's new poem: and *Germania*. In Theology, the proper subject of this periodical, an essay full of interest on "The Pulpit: its defects and capabilities;" and a notice of "Havernick's Introduction to the Pentateuch," and "Memorial of Trinal;" and in politics, in which the *Eclectic* has always been famous for its advocacy of the most liberal views a singularly powerful and timely paper on "The Present Position and Policy of Austria." We have not seen so good a number of the *Eclectic* for a long time.

*The Gentleman's Magazine*, for November, continues its promised improvements with its new series, and every number is better than its predecessor. The present one is remarkably attractive. It contains no less than three engravings, besides woodcuts, one of them being a portrait of Mr. DOB, the Antiquarian. Many historical subjects are treated of by pens well known in the literary world, and besides all its new features, it preserves the most valuable of its old ones, as its Historical Register and unique Obituary.

*The King's College Magazine*. No. II., has less of the rawness of juvenility than is usual with school-boy or collegiate scribbles. It contains some very respectable writing of the class which the youthful most love and really accomplish best—the sentimental imaginative. "The Student" is such a story. Serious essays are beyond the reach of boys always, and so we find them here. We presume that the aim of the conductors of this magazine is to amuse their schoolfellows and chums, and others of like ages and tastes. The attempt is creditable, and we trust will be successful. To such we recommend them; but they cannot hope for the perusal of grown persons till they are more advanced in years. However, they are laying a good foundation for the future by practising now.

*The Catholic Magazine*, for November, is not now, and never has been, conducted in the spirit which has roused so much indignation in England, and augurs so much future trouble for those who have provoked it, and in which, unfortunately, the innocent will be involved. It is moderate and almost liberal in its tone.

*The Dublin University Magazine*, for November, contains a pleasing variety of matter. The article which will probably obtain the largest share of attention is an interesting memoir of the distinguished cantatrice, CATHERINE HAYES. The career of this gifted vocalist is traced from her first essays at song to her triumphs as a *prima donna*. An accurate portrait accompanies the memoir. "Maurice Tiernay" continues his adventures, the scene of which, is now transferred from France to the west of Ireland; whither the hero proceeds as one of the invading army which, under HUMBERT, landed at Killala, in 1798. Some of the "Recent Political Economists" come in for notice in rather a dry article from which, though it is not without merit, we gladly turn to "Snap-apple

Night," "Prometheus Unbound," "Modern Art" and some other articles of light calibre which this entertaining magazine contains.—(From our Dublin Correspondent.)

*The Fireside Magazine* (Dublin: Duffy,) is a new aspirant in the literary field. It is a monthly periodical, and commenced its career on the 1st instant. In the introductory observations, the editor states that the publication will not contain any matters of a political or sectarian character. In the number before us there are several articles indicative of a high order of talent in the respective contributors. A hitherto unpublished novel by the late GERALD GRIFFIN, is commenced and promises well. A tale "How Beautiful is Virtue," a pleasing sketch of a public meeting in Dublin, some twenty-five years ago, entitled "A Glance at the Past," a review of "Stark's Tour in Ireland," an interesting and graphic narrative of men and manners in California, being "The Experience of a Gold-finder;" a criticism on JAMES's novels, and an article on "Domestic Economy," together with some excellent poetry, constitute the present number. The type and paper are excellent, and the price (4d.) is, for thirty-two large double-columned pages, most moderate. We sincerely wish the enterprising publisher success in his new undertaking. *The Fireside Magazine*, if carried on with the same talent which marks the first number, will be an important addition to the periodical literature of these countries.—(From our Dublin Correspondent.)

*The Messenger* (Dublin: Maguire.) This publication, unlike that which we have just noticed, deals a good deal in topics of a religious character (Roman Catholic), in addition to miscellaneous subjects. The articles possess considerable merit. They are, however, mostly conversant with matters into which, especially at a season of religious discord, we do not wish to enter. The publication is not, however, exclusively sectarian. There are some articles which possess equally attractive features for every Christian. The poetry is excellent.—(From our Dublin Correspondent.)

*The Palladium*, for November, has a friendly, but not very elaborate, paper on LAMARTINE, treating of him in the character of poet. There are also favourable notices of ALLINGHAM's Poems, and of that much abused, but excellent tale, "Alton Locke." Two carefully written essays are, "The Great Poem Mysteries. No. I. Job;" and "Creation, or Development."

A new magazine of great beauty and promise has just been brought out by Messrs. Tallis & Co., under the title of *Tallis's Dramatic Magazine*, which is intended to comprise all matters relating to the drama, to be, in fact, an Illustrated History of the Dramatic World, with engravings. Thus, this first number contains a beautiful steel engraved portrait of JENNY LIND, with a memoir; another of Mr. R. H. HORNE, whose "Tragedy of the Death of Marlowe" is given in full. Hints for the Christmas pantomimes, and critiques on old and new plays, with notices of the theatres, &c. make up a work which will be patronized by all lovers of the drama.

*The Struggles and Adventures of Christopher Tadpole, at Home and Abroad.* By ALBERT SMITH. Nos. I. and II. are the commencement of a story to be published in monthly parts, in which ALBERT SMITH will doubtless make good use of his touring. It promises well so far as the tale has yet advanced, and the illustrations are capital.

*The Imperial Cyclopædia—The Cyclopædia of the British Empire.* Part V., proceeds with the vigour promised by its earlier portions. This part advances from the word "Carnon" to the word "Cornwall." Mr. KNIGHT has spared no cost in the getting-up of it, and when completed, this grand Cyclopædia, or rather series of Cyclopædias, will be the most valuable work in our language. It is copiously and beautifully illustrated. The present part contains coloured maps of four counties, and two of the unique groups of town views, which exhibit at a glance the most remarkable objects in the places thus pictorially represented. The towns selected for the steel engravings before us, are Belfast and Coventry, of each of which nine views are given. The articles are almost all from original sources, and describe the existing state of the various localities.

The sixth part of Mr. KNIGHT's *Pictorial Half-Hours*, which has been the most popular, because, perhaps, the most extensively intelligible of his recent enterprises, being addressed to eyes as well as mind, and withal wonderfully cheap, contains some thirty woodcuts, in the finest style of the art, representing an equal variety of subjects, with letter-press descriptions, selected with the editor's usual taste and judgment. It is a thoroughly domestic book—which every boy and girl in the land will love and ought to possess.

*The Land we Live in.* Part XXXVII., describes

the *Port of London and its Commerce*. Thirty-six times already have we directed the attention of our readers to this publication during its progress, but never with more pleasure than now, for it is among the best of them. There are, a large map of Eastern London, engraved on steel, with some twenty woodcuts of great beauty; and a curious description of this part of London, so little known to the dwellers at the other end of the Metropolis, and yet abounding with wonders such as no other city in the world can show. Were we strangers here, instead of dwellers, almost our first visit would be to the Port of London. But we never go to see sights that are near us.

*Half-Hours with the best Authors*. Part VIII. is the republication in a cheaper form of a work which, in another shape, was very popular with the reading classes who could afford to buy it. In this form it is placed within the reach of all classes. It consists of selections from the best writers of all ages and countries, one for every day in the year—a sort of conspectus of literature, from the perusal of which more pleasure—and profit too—will be derived than from any amount of modern novels. It is a collection of the gems of authorship—a treasure for those who cannot possess, or have not time to search, great libraries.

*The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge*. Part XLVI., advances from the word "Theca" to "Tredgold," promising a speedy conclusion. This is, probably, the first Cyclopædia that was ever completed within the limits, either of time or space, originally assigned to it.

*The British Gazetteer*. Part XIX., is an extraordinary specimen of enterprise. It contains nearly a hundred pages of letter-press in double columns, two very large county maps, and a view of the Wolverton station, engraved on steel. The most minute details are given of every place, its antiquities and statistics, and it really forms, as it is called, a travelling road-book and County Atlas. This part extends as far as the word "Letton."

*The Family Herald*, for October, is as amusing as its predecessors. It caters for the public taste, as its success proves; but we regret that the taste is not a more wholesome one; that it would prefer more facts and less fiction.

#### REDEMPTION OF DEBTS.

WHEN a person takes up a mortgage upon his property, or borrows money, or receives property that is mortgaged, it is very rarely indeed that he relieves himself from the burden. It hangs about his neck like a millstone, paralyses his efforts while he lives, and when he dies remains a ruinous burden upon his family.

The reason why mortgages and loans are so seldom paid off is this—that the borrower cannot pay it by instalments. He may be able to save a few pounds every quarter, which he would be glad to apply to the liquidation of his loan; but lenders will not take it in this manner, by dribblets, and as he can make no profitable use of so small a sum, he spends it.

Now a most admirable plan has been adopted by *The Law Property Assurance Society* to remove this universal obstacle to the redemption of Mortgages and Loans, by enabling borrowers to apply their little savings to that purpose.

The plan is this:

If a person is indebted for a mortgage or loan, and desires to redeem it by the easy means of small savings, he has but to calculate how much he can conveniently apply to that purpose, and then the Society will agree, on payment of that sum, monthly, quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly, or as he may please, to redeem such mortgage or loan at a fixed date.

But, further:

On payment of a small additional premium, the Society will also engage that if he should die at any time before the whole Mortgage or Debt is redeemed, it will pay it off within three months after his death, so as to relieve his family entirely from the burden of payment, and pass the property free to them.

The advantages of this are so manifest, that

the plan needs but to be named to be universally approved, and to be adopted by all prudent persons.

Henceforth, whenever a man takes up a mortgage, or borrows money, he has but to consider what sum he could apply yearly to the redemption of the debt, and *The Law Property Assurance Society* will enable him to accomplish the object with certainty and advantage.

And, in order to facilitate the arrangement, and to accommodate the plan to all possible circumstances of persons thus assuring, it has added some very liberal terms.

Thus:

If the person assuring should desire at any time to discontinue his policy, he may do so, and, on a policy for a term not exceeding ten years, after two payments, he will be entitled to receive back nine-tenths of the whole amount of premiums paid; and in policies for a term exceeding ten years, he may do this after five payments.

As it may not always be convenient to procure the premium by the day appointed, the assured will not sacrifice his policy for the omission, but may pay up the same, with interest, within two years,

Four-fifths of the value of the policy, will at any time be advanced in loan to the assured.

Should he at any time have a larger sum than the annual premium, which he desires to apply to the purpose of redeeming his loan, he may pay it to the future amount, and will be allowed interest for it.

Persons who may desire to avail themselves of this excellent plan for relieving themselves from debts, have but to write to the Secretary, at the Office, 30, Essex-street, and the proper form of proposal will be sent to them.

#### MUSIC.

##### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

THERE will be four theatrical performances at Windsor Castle before Christmas. The first is fixed to take place on the 15th instant. There will also be a performance after Christmas, but the day has not yet been named.—Dr. Mainzer, is to open vocal classes in Manchester.—*The Dramatic and Musical Review* states that Mr. Stammers has taken the Marylebone Theatre, with operatic intentions.—In *The Court Journal*, a correspondent from Paris announces that the leasehold of our St. James's Theatre has fallen into the hands of no less eminent a person than Robert Macaire, *Le Docteur Noir*, *Don César de Bazan*,—M. Frédéric Lemaître.—Mr. Green, shipping agent at Folkestone, received on the 1st instant from Paris an "octobasse," intended for M. Jullien, of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane. The wonderful dimensions of this instrument may be imagined from its height being upwards of twelve feet, independent of the stand.—The inhabitants of Bradford are about to build a music hall; and as some difficulties lay in the way of purchasing a portion of a desirable site, Mr. Salt, ex-mayor, has purchased the whole at a cost of 15,000*l.*, and the hall will be erected on it.—Miss Catherine Hayes has been performing at Dublin with great éclat a series of Italian operas, comprising *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Linda de Chamouni*, *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, and *Lucia*. She has been supported by Signor Bordas and Madame Macfarren, who has appeared for the first time in Ireland, and has played with decided success the characters of Orsini, Pierotto, and Adalgisa, altering the last into a contralto.—Jenny Lind has given three concerts in Philadelphia, the receipts at which were about 30,000 dollars. Nearly 10,000 dollars were realised from a charity concert which she gave at Boston.—An immense room called the "Tripler Hall" has been erected in New York for musical purposes. It has been taken by Mrs. Bishop and Bochs, who will open it and give a series of concerts, with 200 performers.—When Mdle. Rachael was lately at Carlsruhe, an aged and infirm Jewess called on her, and, after stating that she was in most indigent circumstances, gave her convincing proof that she was sister to the celebrated

actress's father. Mdle. Rachael made her a present of a gold watch, and agreed to allow her a pension of 900*fr.* a year for the rest of her life.—Meyerbeer is at present engaged in composing the music for the choruses of the *Eumenides* of Æschylus, which is about to be represented at Berlin. He has undertaken the task at the special request of the King of Prussia, whose passion for the old Greek drama is well known. The great composer is taking vast pains with the work, in order to render it not unworthy of the mighty original.—Flotow, the composer, is about to bring out a new opera, entitled, *The Crown Princess*. It is to be performed on the 19th of November, the birthday of the Queen. The parts are already distributed, and he himself directs the rehearsals.

#### ART JOURNAL.

*The Art Journal*, for November, is not only a number of performance but of promise. In its own regular course, it gives us three superb engravings, worth about ten times the cost of the whole number, to wit, *Wilkie's Peep o' Day Boys Cabin*, *Wilson's Hadrian's Villa*, and *Durham's Bust of Jenny Lind*, an extraordinary likeness of the syren. But besides these there are a multitude of woodcuts, illustrating articles on art, as designs in manufactures, a dictionary of artistic terms, &c. The proprietors promise to present their readers with engravings in their style of the most noteworthy objects in the Exhibition, and they commence with a tour of inspection in Germany.

#### THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE, Esq., has, according to general anticipation, been elected president of the Royal Academy, and to fill the chair so lately left vacant by Sir Martin Archer Shee. James Clark Hook was at the same time elected associate at this the annual meeting of the Royal Academy, usually held on the first Monday of November.

The announcement of the election of the president will doubtless be hailed with unanimous satisfaction. It is seldom that the necessary qualifications for fulfilling this honourable yet highly responsible trust, have been more happily combined than in Mr. Eastlake, whose name has ever been in the front rank of English art, and whose literary labours had shed thereon additional lustre. Not a few persons are for the total abolition of academies; with Voltaire, these at once point to the scanty evidence of talent and genius, that academies have fostered, and to the too glaring faults of imitative art they engender. To us, however, it seems that what English art at the present day stands most in need of, is a source of noble emulation. Academic honours have hitherto been the sole reward of merit. Why do away with these? Especially when our Royal Academy is, unlike more hoary institutions of the kind, constituted so as to give the greatest possible scope to individual and self-directed genius. The Academy only professes to give the clue, which the student must follow. All Reynolds' discourses tend to encourage this wholesome artistic freedom; and his successors in the presidential chair have striven to carry out his principles. It was owing to Benjamin West that the British Institution was on this account founded, in despite of George the Third's timorous remonstrances, lest he should be rearing a lusty rival to his parent and favourite institution. Since then, fresh and independent societies have sprung up, to the advancement, not retardation, of the progress of English art.

Benvenuto Cellini, in his picturesque memoirs, recommends every artist who has passed the age of forty, and who has previously produced works of excellence, to follow his example, and write his own life. Mr. Eastlake has followed this advice, and thus furnished materials for tracing his career.

Mr. Eastlake, like Haydon, was born at Plymouth, a soil congenial to art, for in its environs was also the birth-place of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Like Rembrandt, Reynolds, and so many before them, Mr. Eastlake showed an early aversion to the Latin Grammar. He fled the Charter-house school; and a glimpse of Haydon's picture of *The Dentatus*, which was at that period exhibited at Plymouth, made him a painter. After studying in the academy for two years, under Fuseli, he painted a picture of *The Raising of Jairus*



*Daughter.* This won him a patron in the person of Mr. Jeremiah Harman, by whom he was commissioned to make studies of the miracles of art, at that time collected in the Louvre, in Paris, by Napoleon. It was here also that Lawrence, Haydon, and Wilkie came at this time, like so many bees, to suck pictorial honey.

Mr. Eastlake made here his first acquaintance with the wonders of Roman art. But the pleasant task of copying these old masters for his early patron, Mr. Jeremiah Harman, was relinquished on the sudden return of Napoleon from Elba. At a not much later period, and by a strange freak of fortune, the fallen hero became himself the subject of the painter's pencil. Mr. Eastlake made a sketch of the ex-Emperor as he appeared from the gang-way of the Bellerophon, when at anchor in Plymouth roads, interesting as the last delineation of a noble visage, then untinged with chagrin.

During the years 1817 and 1819 Mr. Eastlake visited Italy and Greece, rather stirring up their living treasures than measuring antiquity with the inch rule of the archaeologist. Nor yet did Mr. Eastlake confine himself to the external forms of art and nature; he then laid the foundation of that intimate knowledge of the arts, be they called formative, architectonic, plastic, or pictorial, the able elucidation of which renders his writings the most valuable repository of ancient art. Thus whilst all the technical skill of ancient colourists is found in his style of painting, all the principles on which Dutch and Venetian Masters proceeded are found in his writings.

Those who reflect on the unceasing labours of the Secretary of the Fine Art Commission will be rather inclined to believe that the title of President was alone wanting to render Mr. Eastlake the legitimate leader of art in England. We need only mention his translation of *Goethe's Theory on Colours*, the *Notes to Kugler*, and the *Materials for a History of Oil Painting*.

#### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

WHEN we announce the election of Charles Lock Eastlake to the vacant Presidency of the Royal Academy, we record a fact which must be gratifying to every lover of English art.—At the sale of pictures in Great Stanhope-street, the competition for some of the lots was spirited. Lot 247, Wilson, sold to Mr. Brown for 63 guineas; Lot 282, to Mr. Capron, 235 guineas; Lot 290, "The Castle of Koenigstein," 95 guineas, to Mr. Anderson; Lot 305, Ruysdael, "A Waterfall," 265 guineas; Lot 307, Bergham, "A Landscape," to Mr. Norton, for 95 guineas; Lot 308, Cuypp, to Mr. Russell, for 105 guineas; Lot 312, W. Vandervelde, "Shipping," to Mr. Alderson, for 510 guineas; Lot 313, "Landscape," by Bergham, to Mr. Bousfield, for 700 guineas. The total amount of the day's sale was 3,500*l.*; and the auctioneers, Messrs. Foster and Sons, declared every lot sold.—An inspection of the purchases made by the Marquis of Hertford at the recent sale of the King of Holland's pictures, testifies honourably to the patriotism which came forward to vindicate our national taste at a contest in which England was the only country not formally represented.—Mr. Cromek has been elected a member of the Junior Society of Painters in Water Colours.—The Society of Arts are about to open at their rooms in the Adelphi, an exhibition of models, drawings and specimens of articles patented and registered during the last eighteen months:—the object being, to show what the course of invention has been during that period. The exhibition will open on the 20th of November.—The opening of the French annual Exhibition of the Works of Modern Artists is further postponed till the 26th. The time for the reception of pictures, &c. has been, in conformity, extended from the days ranging between the 2nd and the 15th of November to the period between the 11th and 25th of the same month. The reception will cease at six o'clock on the evening of the latter day.—The Emperor of Russia has resolved to have copies, in default of the originals, of all the great paintings of the Old Masters of all schools; and he is at present causing to be copied in this city two great works of Titian—"The Assumption" and "The Martyrdom of St. Stephen." His Majesty pays liberally—as much as 800*l.* or even 1000*l.* per copy. He recently, at Vienna, bought one of the few private collections which still remain; it consisted of 104 paintings by various artists of different degrees of merit, among them sixteen portraits or sketches of Titian, and he gave 20,000*l.*

**FINE ARTS IN AMERICA.**—When despotism or anarchy, or any of the rapid or insidious elements of destruction begin to sap the foundations of a nation's prosperity, it will quickly be seen in the languor and decline of the fine arts, in painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving. America is a young and rising republic, rising in strength, population, wealth, and the mechanical arts. Should she not—*is she not*—also rising, and rapidly, in her encouragement of the fine arts? Thirty years ago (but a day in a nation's life) there was not a collection of pictures in the United States worthy of being called a "gallery." Now we can count forty in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and in each an "Art-Union," in the most flourishing condition. The tendency of the fine arts is from the old to the new world. Wealth gathers around it, by a national attraction, the finest specimens of the easel, the burin, and the chisel, and emigrating wealth and taste is constantly sending to our shores gems of art which meet a full appreciation from our travel-loving and quick idea-catching countrymen. The love of pictures is a true and a natural one. The red man rudely paints his battles on his robes, or carves them on the trunk of a tree. The western pioneer, for want of better, decks the walls of his log-cabin with handbill headings, newspaper wood-cuts, or circus wild beast exhibitions. If good pictures or good engravings cannot be obtained, miserable daubs, or immoral scrawls, will supply this demand. A good picture, either painted or engraved, is a moral lesson—a silent, but a powerful one.—*Buffalo Advertiser.*

#### DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

##### PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS NOW OPEN IN LONDON.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: boxes, 3*z.*; second circle, 4*z.*; pit, 3*z.*; gallery, 1*z.*  
**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: first circle, 5*z.*; second circle, 4*z.*; pit, 2*z.*; gallery, 1*z.*  
**OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: boxes, 3*z.*; pit, 2*z.*; gallery, 1*z.*  
**STRAND THEATRE.**—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: boxes, 2*z.*; pit 1*z.*; gallery, 6*d.*  
**SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.**—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: boxes, 2*z.*; pit, 1*z.*; gallery, 6*d.*  
**SURREY THEATRE.**—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: first circle, 4*z.*; second circle, 3*z.*; pit, 2*z.*; gallery, 1*z.*  
**COLOSSEUM.**—Panoramas and varieties; day and night. Price: 2*z.*  
**PANORAMA, Leicester Square.**—Day, 10, to dusk. Price: 1*z.* each.  
**DIORAMA, Regent's Park.**—Day, 10, to dusk. Prices: first place, 1*z.*; second place, 6*d.*  
**POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.**—Science, &c.; day and night. Price, 1*z.*  
**PANORAMA OF NILE.**—Daily, at 3 and 8. Prices: stalls, 2*z.*; pit, 1*z.*; gallery, 6*d.*

ALL the theatres and places of amusement are now open. We proceed to notice such of them as afford us the opportunity.

**THE LYCEUM.**—Mr. C. MATHEWS has recovered from the wound in his hand, and has resumed his place upon the stage of this theatre, where his absence made a void that none could supply. His vivacity is unique, and has introduced a species of *vaudeville* specially for him, and in which no other actor can be substituted. These are the performances that secure the popularity of the Lyceum, and make it by far the most agreeable evening lounge in London. No stranger should neglect to visit *this*, whatever other theatre he neglects. We understand that some novelties are in preparation, before the Christmas entertainment, which is to be in the most splendid and tasteful style of Madame VESTRIS, who intends, on this occasion, to surpass herself.

**THE ADELPHI** is playing stock pieces.—At the **HAYMARKET**, MACREADY is playing through his most favourite characters previously to retiring from the stage; but supported by a most wretched company.—At the **PRINCESS'S**, a new play and farce have been produced, which are said to be tolerably successful, but no opportunity has been given to us to notice them. Play-goers inform us that the house is seldom more than half full. What can be the cause of this?

**THE OLYMPIC** is rejoicing in a new tragedy, by Mr. MARSTON, very beautifully written, but very undramatic, in which the principal parts are sustained by Mr. BROOKE, and Miss HELEN FAUCIT—the latter not improved by her provincial travelling, and the former as ranting as ever.

A party of aspirant actors, or rather singers, at Miss KELLY'S THEATRE, have made a miserable failure.

This is all the actual intelligence of the last fortnight, although the papers make a great deal more of it by penny-a-lining.

**THE COLOSSEUM** is a delightful winter evening lounge: there is so much to see, and pleasure both for mind and eye. It should be placed *first* on the list of our many country readers when they visit town.

**THE DIORAMA** is exhibiting its beautiful picture of the Rhine; and the **PANORAMA** feasts the eye with a summer view of the Lakes of Killarney. You feel summer-like as you gaze at it, and thence you may turn to behold the Polar Regions, a sublime scene, never to be forgotten, it is so very real.

**THE THEATRES IN PARIS.**—There are no less than twenty theatres open in Paris. The Academie Nationale de Musique (as the Grand Opera is now called), the Theatre de la Republique (or Comedie Francaise), the Opera Comique, and the Theatre des Italiens, the principals, receive from Government a subvention, which relieves them of at least one-third of their expenses. The Odeon, or second Comedie Francaise, is also, we believe, assisted in a similar manner. The management of these establishments depends upon the approval of the Government, which, in case of the retirement of a director, exerts the power of sanctioning or rejecting any individual proposed as successor. As these theatres are national property, and derive a great part of their means from national bounty, such a regulation is just and reasonable. The Comedie Francaise is a corporate association of artists, who have nominal salaries, and are paid *pro ratâ* according to the receipts. The director of the Academie de Musique is M. Nestor Roqueplan; of the Comedie Francaise, M. Arsène Houssaye; of the Opera Comique, M. Perrin; of the Odeon, M. Altaroche; and of the Italiens, Mr. Lumley, who has been appointed successor to Signor Ronconi, by the decision of the Minister of the Interior. The theatres next in rank are the Vaudeville, Varietés, and Gymnase Dramatique. The kind of pieces produced at the first two are evident from their names—music, however forming, by law, an essential part of the entertainments. At the Gymnase, which is governed by the celebrated actress Rose Chéri who is married to M. Monsigny, the director, a variety of domestic melodrama is the staple entertainment. The Theatre Montansier (or Palais Royal) is devoted to farce of the broadest kind, while the Porte St. Martin, the stage of the chief triumphs of Frederic Lemaitre, provides the lengthy five-act melodrama, with its lavish spectacle and stirring incidents, to which, by the way, our ancient Coburg bore some resemblance in its palmy days. The Gaité furnishes much the same kind of entertainment as the Varietés, though of an inferior kind; and, on the other hand, the Ambigu Comique (in spite of its name) emulates the Porte St. Martin in prolixity and horrors. The Theatre National, on the site of the ancient Cirque (a sort of Astley's), was opened in 1847 by M. Adolphe Adam, the composer, as the Opera National, or third lyric theatre. His object was professedly the encouragement of young musicians of talent, to whom the doors of the Academie and the Opera Comique were closed; but, after bringing out one three-act opera (*Gastibelza*, by M. Maillart), with considerable success, M. Adam confined the *repertoire* to revivals of the old French writers, combined with works from his own pen, which had elsewhere obtained but equivocal success. The consequence was failure. The Opera National was shut up, and after a long interval reopened with *vaudevilles* and *petites comedies*, intermingled with music by the band of one of the regiments of the line. The Folies Dramatiques, and the Delassements Comiques (where *Robert Macaire* was first produced), form, with the Gaité already named, a cluster of three small theatres all near to each other. The performances consist of short farces and comedies, of the Paul de Kock school. The Funambules, another minor theatre, offers a still lower entertainment of the same order, and is supported by the humbler classes. The little theatres of the Luxembourg and Comte, those of the Batignolles and the Montmartre, are also chiefly devoted to the amusement of the *bas peuple*. At the Comte are to be seen harlequins, *saltimbanques*, and conjurers. The Theatre Historique, one of the largest in Paris, is at present closed, M. Alexandre Dumas having withdrawn from the management. Here were first produced the revolutionary melodramas, in which M. Melingue made his reputation, one of which was attempted at Drury-lane Theatre, in the face of an opposition but little creditable to the English actors and managers, who should have shown themselves above such petty and contemptible jealousies. Here also originated the popular air, "Mourir pour la Patrie," the modern "Marseillaise," which played so conspicuous a part in the disastrous events of 1848, from the effects of which it will take the theatres, no less than the other institutions of the French capital, many a long year to recover. The Historique will shortly reopen, under new management, and the list of Parisian theatres, in active exertion will thus be raised to twenty-one, with-

out including the Cirque National, in the Champs Elysées, where equestrian exhibitions are still to be witnessed.

#### JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

**INTERESTING ORNITHOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.**—Among an interesting collection of fossil and recent objects of natural history just received by Dr. Mantell from his son in New Zealand, there is the skin of a bird hitherto unknown to naturalists, except in a fossil state. With the skulls and bones, and egg shells of the colossal moas discovered by Mr. Walter Mantell at Rangatapu, and now in the British Museum, were crania and bones of the trunk, &c. of a large bird of the rail family, which, from some peculiarities in the skull, was assigned to a new genus, with the name of *notornis*. According to the natives a large species of rail, which they called *tikahé* or *moho*, formerly existed in great numbers with the dinornis, but the race was believed to have been extirpated by the hunters and the wild cats, no living or dead specimens having been seen since the European colonists took possession of New Zealand. The specimen sent by Mr. Mantell is, therefore, unique, and, independently of its rarity, is of great interest to the ornithologist and the palæontologist, for, like the dodo, this peculiar type must soon be extinguished, if, indeed, the present individual be not the last of the race. The bird is two feet high, of a rich dark purple colour, with red beak and legs, and is allied to the porphyrio of the antipodes. This bird will be figured and described by Mr. Gould in the supplement to his grand work on the birds of Australia.

A. M. Bonnet, of Montpellier, we learn from *Galignani*, "having a bear of the Pyrenees, to which he had succeeded in imparting a remarkable degree of instruction, entered some time ago into a contract with M. Fournier, director of the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, to exhibit the animal on the stage for 40*f.* a day, for two months from the 13th of May last. A play called the "Bear of the Pyrenees" was written, and the animal learned its part admirably. But an actress who was to be saved from death by the bear, refused, as required by the authors of the piece, to throw herself into his arms as an expression of her gratitude. This led to difficulties between her and the director, and the authorities having intervened, they gave positive orders that the bear should not be allowed to appear in public unless muzzled. This rendered the performance impossible. Bonnet accordingly brought an action against Fournier for 1,875*f.* the amount due to him on their contract, and the authors of the piece brought an action against the director for 1,000*f.* for the loss sustained by the non-performance of the piece. M. Fournier, on his part, having given up the management of the theatre to M. Colin, demanded that that gentleman should be declared responsible in his place. The Tribunal of Commerce, after hearing the arguments of all the parties, relieved M. Fournier from all liability, and condemned Colin, as his successor, to pay Bonnet 1,000*f.* and the authors 500*f.*

#### JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

**ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—At the usual monthly meeting of this society, Mr. G. R. Waterhouse in the chair. Mr. Guyon and Mr. Potter were elected subscribers. Mr. S. Stevens exhibited some beautiful new Lepidoptera he had received from Mr. Bates, from Ega, on the upper Amazons; Mr. Shepherd exhibited specimens of *Aphomia nuella*, from Dover; Mr. Bond exhibited an *Hermaphrodite*, *Arctia Caja*, and a curious variety of *Sphinx*, *Ligustri*; Mr. Westwood exhibited a *Coccinella Septum-punctata*, and a *Lepidopterous* larva impaled on the thorns of furze bushes; these had been found in Scotland by Mr. Gould, and in this case they could not have been so impaled by shrikes, as those birds are not known to occur so far north. An extremely interesting paper by Mr. Newman, on the various ways different species of bees have of abstracting honey from snapdragons, was then read.

An experiment has been made at the arsenal of Metz, of mortars, hand grenades, and bombs made of zinc, which has completely succeeded.

Cedrone seed, recently discovered in the valleys of Costa Rica, and said to possess the property of curing madness, and of neutralizing the virus of the bites of dogs and venomous serpents, is attracting the attention of the faculty in Paris. A medical congress, including representatives from the different states of Europe, is

shortly to be held, to test the efficacy of cedrone seed in mental disorders and epilepsy.

The *Dover Telegraph* describes an invention for saving lives at sea. "It can hardly be called a boat, although it is intended to be used as such, when emergency demands: it is composed of thirty cylinders, each capable of holding one person, who is to remain in an upright position, the whole of which is confined in a stout casing of wood, the interstices and sides stuffed with cork, which makes it exceedingly buoyant, and, as far as an experiment very recently made on the Margate Sands, went to prove, cannot be upset or seriously damaged by any rough usage it may meet with by being unceremoniously cast over the ship's side. It is to be subjected to further and more severe tests, as the state of the weather and opportunity may offer: if then its qualifications are fully established, it is to be removed to the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park."

**A NEW FIRE ALARM.**—An opportunity was afforded us recently of witnessing a new and ingenious contrivance for giving alarm in case of fire. It is the invention of a gentleman named Robinson, of Great Queen-street, Westminster, and consists of a series of gutta percha strings, which are intended to be so fixed throughout the different compartments of a house or warehouse that they shall communicate with a bell attached to the outer door. These strings of gutta percha are made to intersect each other in various directions, so that the application of fire to any part of them will cause them to break, and thus make the bell ring by depriving it of the support it receives from being in close contact with the street-door. The principle is a very simple one, and if adopted in warehouses and other large establishments, where a person might be employed to adjust the apparatus, may prove advantageous.

**BAKEWELL'S COPYING TELEGRAPH.**—We some time since gave an account of a very ingenious invention, by means of which an individual writing at one extremity of the country, can transmit, through a single telegraphic wire, a perfect fac-simile of what he has written, so that it shall appear in course of a few minutes, though it were a whole page or more, at the other extremity of the line, and of course at however great a distance. We are glad to perceive that this beau-ideal of the telegraphic pen is still held to be a practicable invention. We had feared that it had turned out to be more perfect in theory than attainable in practice. But on Wednesday last Mr. Bakewell exhibited it at the Russell Institution, Great Corn-street, with considerable success. The principle, as many of our readers may remember, consists mainly in the winding of an iron point round a cylinder at each extremity of the line of telegraph, the cylinder in the one case being covered with a sheet of tinfoil written on with a non-conducting ink, while in the other it is covered with a sheet of paper chemically prepared, so that the iron points in electrical action (as both cylinders turn simultaneously, regulated in synchronous time by electro-magnetism) trace their apparent course round the cylinders spirally; the non-conducting intervals, as they pass over the ink in the one case, being marked and denoted in the other, by blank or white intervals in a blue spiral, so that an exact copy of the writing appears in white characters on a blue ground, and distinctly legible. The paper can also be prepared so as only afterwards to show the writing, and thus to insure secrecy between correspondents.—*The Builder*

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

##### GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE Miscellaneous Works of Sir James Macintosh are to be issued in one volume, square crown 8vo., uniform with *Southey's Common-Place Book*, &c.; and in the same form, the Complete Poetical Works of Joanna Baillie.—Martin Farquhar Tupper has published King Alfred's Poems, now first turned into English metres.—In France an old dream of disappointed authors has been realized by the Union des Auteurs-Editeurs, where each man becomes his own publisher, and secures the "whole of the profits." It requires very little knowledge of literature to perceive the radical mistake in such plans.—Several works, published in monthly volumes, have been brought to a close by the publication of the last of them. Of these the most interesting is *Southey's Life and Correspondence*, published by Longman. The sixth and last volume has just appeared. Another series, equally valuable, is the cheap edition of Prescott's Works, published by Bentley, most fittingly wound up by a volume of the critical and historical essays of the American classic. His remarks on Scott, Cervantes, and Moliere are remarkable for

their power and justice.—The works of Ledru Rollin, the *Décadence de l'Angleterre* and the *Loi Anglaise*, have remained mere lumber on the shelves of the publisher. The latter has made this his plea for not meeting certain bills, as the works have produced no benefit to him; and M. Ledru Rollin has by the Tribunal of Commerce been declared liable.—Eliot Warburton, the author of *The Crescent and the Cross*, has a work in preparation on the History of the Poor, from the earliest period to the present time.—A pleasant announcement to many readers will be that of Leigh Hunt's resumption of the *London Journal*.—Messrs. Little and Brown, of New York, announce that Mr. Bancroft, having collected materials of great value, during his residence in England as Minister to the Court of St. James, from the public archives, is now actively occupied with his projected History of the American Revolution, the first volume of which is far advanced in the stereotyper's hands.

The poet, Freiligrath, has received orders to leave the village of Bilk, in the neighbourhood of Düsseldorf, where he was residing, and to quit the Prussian territories within a fortnight.—Macaulay, the historian, has declined to contest the representation of Cambridge.

—The *Athenæum* announces that Her Majesty has been pleased to grant a pension of 100*l.* a year to Mr. John Payne Collier, the editor of Shakspeare, and author of the *History of the English Stage*. The warrant is dated the 30th of last month, and expressly mentions that the pension is given "in consideration of his literary merits." Few men have done more than Mr. Collier for the illustration of our Elizabethan literature, and of the lives of the many worthies of the great period of English poetry.—Some trifling addition has been made to the paltry pittance granted by Government to the widow of Lieut. Waghorn in recognition of the distinguished services of her late husband. The Committee for the management of the Bombay Steam Fund have, it is said, presented her with a Government annuity of 25*l.* out of the unappropriated balance of the funds in their hands. This fund was constituted by the proceeds of a public subscription, at Bombay, in 1833, for the purpose of promoting the great object of steam communication with England,—and the amount raised has been appropriated, from time to time, in accordance with that design. The station-houses for the overland route across the Desert were constructed by these means.—*The Leader* states that poor Heine is dying! Paralysis has killed every part of him but the head and heart; and yet this diseased body—like that of the noble Augustin Thierry—still owns a lordly intellect. In the brief intervals of suffering Heine prepares the second volume of his *Buch der Lieder*, and dictates *Memoirs of his Life*, which he will make a picture gallery, where the portraits of all the remarkable persons he has seen and known will be hung up for our inspection. Those who know Heine's wicked wit and playful sarcasm will feel, perhaps, somewhat uncomfortable at the idea of sitting for their portraits; but the public will be eager "for the fun." There is little of stirring interest in the events of his life, but he has known so many remarkable people, and his powers of vivid painting are of an excellence so rare in German authors, that the announcement of his *Memoirs* will create a great sensation.

The Peace Congress meets next year in the city of London, and is expected to be a grand display.—The Free Museum in connexion with the Salford Royal Borough Library was formally opened to the public on Monday last; and at the same time the library, originally opened on the 9th January last (since which day 23,000 volumes have been issued), was reopened, after receiving a large and recent accession of books, so that it now numbers upon its shelves nearly 10,000 volumes.—The bequest of the late Mr. Hartley to the town of Southampton, for scientific purposes, has now been converted into English securities, and has realized 82,500*l.* This bequest, the amount of which has been thrown into Chancery, will, in a few weeks, be the subject of investigation before that court.—One of the Paris journals states that M. Emmanuël Lind, a chemist of some distinction, and brother of Jenny Lind, has just arrived in Paris, and is about to proceed to Havre, to embark for the United States, to join his sister.—Accessions are still pouring in upon the Zoological Society's Gardens in the Regent's Park. A very fine lioness has just arrived by H.M.S. *Mariner*, Capt. Mat-



thison, from the Cape of Good Hope,—presented by the Governor, Sir Harry Smith.—The Emperor of Russia proposes, it is said, to have a tunnel bored under the Neva, similar to that executed by Mr. Brunel under the Thames. M. Alaric Faiconnet, a celebrated French engineer, has been applied to to furnish plans for this undertaking.—*The Transcript* suggests, on the authority of a correspondent, that a line of first class packets will agree, provided 100 passengers can be obtained, to furnish a passage to Liverpool and back, with good accommodation and excellent fare, for 60 dollars each passenger—to leave Boston about the middle of May next, and to sail on the return about the first of August. It is stated that the trip can be made, including the expenses of three weeks' residence in London and three weeks devoted to excursions in various parts of England, at a cost of 100 dollars. Such a trip, we fear, would be too cheap to be either pleasant or profitable.—The new press laws in Saxony are likely to prove of advantage to Berlin. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, as the old proverb says; and the strict, if not tyrannical, laws which were octroyed in the beginning of June last, are proving so disadvantageous to the book trade in Leipzig, that it is not improbable that the great central book mart of Europe will be removed to Berlin. The booksellers and publishers of Leipzig have represented to the Minister of the Interior the enormous losses which the town will receive if the laws are not altered, and the town council, on the motion of the celebrated bookseller, Brockhaus, resolved to petition the Government.—The Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* informs us that the secret of navigating balloons has at last been found. In the Hippodrome yesterday, a watchmaker, named Julien, exhibited to several gentlemen of the press and scientific men, a balloon of his invention, in the form of a clumsily-built sort of fish, which he sent against the wind, caused to perform semicircles—in a word, made it proceed in any direction the spectators thought fit to indicate. The balloon was only a model, it is true; but that it went against the wind in the open air is an undoubted fact; and the inventor stated—that seems perfectly reasonable to suppose—that it only requires its size to be increased to carry any weight. The model was constructed of gold-beater's skin, and was about four yards long. Near the head, which terminates in a point, were two little wings, which were moved by an apparatus something similar to clock work, or that of a turning spit; and this apparatus is set going, not by steam, but by muscular power. The balloon is thus driven on, and it is guided by two rudders, one vertical, the other horizontal, which are also moved at will by men to be stationed in the car. The apparatus altogether is simple and ingenious. The balloon is, of course, filled with gas. There was no car yesterday, but the apparatus was attached by net work, and the inventor had duly provided for the reception of ballast, so as to rise or descend at will.

#### SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

*The North British Review*, in an article on the Literary Profession, has these reflections on an economical use of vitality among writers: "Literary men are sad spendthrifts, not only of their money, but of themselves. At an age when other men are in the possession of vigorous faculties of mind and strength of body, they are often used-up, enfeebled, and only capable of effort under the influence of strong stimulants. If a man has the distribution of his own time—if his literary avocations are of that nature that they can be followed at home—if they demand only continuous effort, there is no reason why the waste of vital energy should be greater in his case than in that of the follower of any other learned profession. A man soon discovers to what extent he can safely and profitably tax his powers. To do well in the world he must economize himself no less than his money. Rest is often a good investment. A writer at one time is competent to do twice as well as at another; and if his leisure be well employed, the few hours of labour will be more productive than the many, at the time; and the faculty of labour will remain with him twice as long. Rest and recreation, fresh air and bodily exercise, are essential to the author, and he will do well never to neglect them. But there are professional writers who cannot regulate their hours of labour, and whose condition of life it is to toil at irregular times and in an irregular manner. It is difficult, we know, for them

to abstain from using themselves up prematurely. Repeated paroxysms of fever wear down the strongest frames; and many a literary man is compelled to live a life of fever, between excitement and exhaustion of the mind. We would counsel all public writers to think well of the best means of economizing themselves—the best means of spending their time off duty. Rest and recreation, properly applied, will do much to counteract the destroying influences of spasmodic labour at unseasonable hours, and to ward off premature decay. But if they apply excitement of one kind to repair the ravages of excitement of another kind, they must be content to live a life of nervous irritability, and to grow old before their time."

A VISIT TO WORDSWORTH.—Bishop Doane has communicated to *The Missionary* an account of a visit to Wordsworth in 1841, with these characteristic incidents:—"He took us out, for a few moments, to see some of the most beautiful of the near points of view: Winandermere on one side, and Rydal Water on the other. We dined in what had been the kitchen, a low, plain room, plainly but becomingly furnished. An old armoury was very remarkable. It was of oak, richly carved, with an inscription to the effect that it was made for William Wordsworth, in 1534. It bore the name of several of his family; with the prayer in Latin that God would be propitious to their souls. After dinner we took a walk. I had told him of your sister's three commissions; his autograph; ivy, from Kenilworth; and heather, from Abbotsford. He immediately said there must be a flower from Rydal Mount. Of this he went in pursuit, questioning what it should be, and settling on a pansy, if he could find one. On our way he picked several wild flowers; it must be wild, he said; and, among the rest, a little yellow flower, called there *Lamb's Lakings*, or playthings. He seemed to enjoy the etymology very much. At last, in the very spot which he had named, we found a purple cloud of pansies. Could he avoid the application of his own beautiful allusion, in the ode entitled 'Intimations of Immortality,' from recollections of early childhood:

'A single field which I have looked upon,  
Both of them speak of something that is gone;  
The Pansy at my feet  
Doth the same tale repeat.'

We then went to the noble grounds of Rydal Hall, which adjoin the Mount, visiting first the Lower and then the Upper Fall. They are truly grand, and the whole scenery in keeping. Queen Adelaide had walked with him to these points, and Bishop Hobart, in 1823 or '24, had spent a day or two with him in these grounds. As it had rained hard—he talking, all regardless of it, as we walked—we returned to the house very wet. We went into the kitchen, and sat down by the fire to dry. And never was good old mother more active in caring for her children than he for us. He would have me wear his coat till mine was dried, and nothing would do but I must take off my boots, and wear his shoes to Keswick, and return them by the coach. Think of it, in Wordsworth's shoes! While we waited for tea, he wrote the autograph for your sister; and then, without being asked, filled a sheet with his name for us. He showed us first and other curious editions of Milton, Thompson, Burns, &c., with striking inscriptions. That of Burns seemed to be his pet. Of the inscriptions I particularly noticed two. One in the first edition of *Paradise Lost*. 'November 13, 1820. My dear Wordsworth, pray accept this little volume, one of the most precious that I can give or you receive. It will acquire a new value by becoming yours. Samuel Rogers.' The other, the edition of 1671. 'C. Lamb to the best knower of Milton; and, therefore, the worthiest occupant of this pleasant edition. June 2, 1820.' \* \* \* A great source of health and freshness, both of the body and mind, has been his out-door life. 'I should like to see your master's study,' said some one to his cook; 'I suppose it is that,' pointing to some book shelves, 'No, sir, that is my master's library; his study is out of doors.' This he told us with much glee. He is no converser. He rather descants."

MEDIEVAL SYMBOLISM OF WEATHERCOCKS.—In the second number of the *Instrumenta Ecclesiastica* we gave a design for a weathercock. The mystical explanation which medieval times attached to the symbol is so well given in the following lines, that we present them to our readers. They are from a MS. circ. 1420, preserved in the cathedral of Oehringen, and have been published by M. Eddelstand du Meril. We only give a few out of many, and have made some corrections for the sake of the sense.

Multi sunt Presbyteri qui ignorant quare  
Super domum Domini gallus solet stare:  
Quod propono breviter vobis explanare,  
Si vultis benevolas aures mihi dare.

Gallus est mirabilis Dei creatura,  
Et rara presbyteri illius est figura,  
Qui preest parochiæ animarum cura,  
Stans pro suis subditis contra nocitura.

Supra ecclesiam positus gallus contra ventum  
Caput diligentius erigit extensum:  
Sic Sacerdos, ubi scit demonis adventum,  
Illuc se objiciat pro grege bidentum.

Gallus, inter cæteros alites celorum,  
Audit super æthera cantum Angelorum:  
Tunc monet excutere nos verba malorum,  
Gustare et percipere arcana supernorum.

Quasi rex in capite gallus coronatur:  
In pede calcaribus, ut miles, armatur:  
Quanto plus fit senior pennis deauratur:  
In nocte dum concinit leo conturbatur.

Gallus regit plurimam turbam gallinarum,  
Et sollicitudines magnas habet harum:  
Sic Sacerdos, concipiens curam animarum,  
Doeat et faciat quod Deo sit carum.

Gallus gramen reperit, convocat uxores,  
Et illud distribuit inter cariores:  
Tales discant clerici pietatis mores,  
Dando suis subditis scripturarum flores:  
Sic sua distribuere cunctis derelictis,  
Atque curam gerere nudis et afflictis.

Gallus vobis predicat, omnes vos audite,  
Sacerdotes, Domini servi, et Levitæ,  
Ut vobis ad celestia dicatur, Venite:  
Præsta nobis gaudia, Pater, æternæ vitæ.  
—Ecclesiologist.

#### Births, Marriages and Deaths.

##### BIRTH.

BOWMAN.—On the 1st November, at 5, Clifford-street, Burlington-gardens, the wife of William Bowman, Esq., F.R.S., of a son.

##### MARRIAGE.

SAURIN.—DAVIS.—On the 28th October, at the British Embassy, Paris, Major Saurin, son of the late Lord Bishop of Dromore, to Jane Esther, fifth daughter of Mr. Davis, Archway House, Guernsey.

##### DEATHS.

CARTLEDGE.—On the 5th November, Mr. Cartledge, the Secretary for Lunatics. He had been for some time afflicted with water on the chest, but the termination was sudden and unexpected.

COHAN.—On the 22nd October, at Liverpool, aged 45, John Cohan, the celebrated pianist and composer, lamented by all who knew him and admired his genius.

HALLAM.—Lately, at Sienna Mr. Henry Hallam, only surviving son of the eminent historian of "The Middle Ages."

RAWLINSON.—On the 26th October, at Bothamsall, the Rev. G. Rawlinson, incumbent of Bothamsall, domestic chaplain to the Duke of Newcastle, son of the late J. Rawlinson, Esq., of Wimpole-street, London.

THOMAS.—On the 29th October, at Drake's-place, the Rev. William Procter Thomas, LL.B., one of the prebendaries of Wells Cathedral, and late vicar of Wellington, in the county of Somerset, in the 68th year of his age.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS,

MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART,  
Published between October 14, and November 14, 1850.

[N.B.—The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.]

##### ART.

Pictorial Half-Hours, or Miscellanies of Art, with Illustrative Descriptions. Vol. 2, cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

Basler's Pictorial Representation of the Science of Harmony and Relationship of Chords. 8s.

Ancient Art and its Remains; or a Manual of the Archaeology of Art. By C. O. Muller. New edition, with numerous additions, by F. C. Weicker. Translated from the German by John Leitch. 1 vol., demy 8vo., 18s. cloth.

##### DRAMA.

Shakspeare. Illustrated by Steel Engravings of the principal Actors of the day. With Notes, by J. O. Halliwell, Esq. Imp. 8vo. Part I. 1s.

Tallis's Dramatic Magazine, and General Theatrical Musical Review. By the principal Dramatic Critics of the day. Illustrated with Engravings. Imp. 8vo., in Monthly Parts, price 1s.

##### BIOGRAPHY.

Lives of Englishmen. Vol. VI. 2s.

Romance of the Peacocks; or Curiosities of Family History. By George Lillie Craik. Vol. IV., post 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d. Concluding the series.

##### CLASSICS.

Analysis and Summary of Thucydides. 12mo. 7s. 6d. cloth.

##### EDUCATION.

Arithmetic: Rules and Reasons. By J. H. Boardman, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

A History of France, from the Earliest Period to the Present Year, with Questions for Examination, and a Coloured Map of the Country. Edited by H. White, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, M.A. and Ph. Dr., Heidelberg. 12mo. 8s. 6d.

Peter Parley's Annual. 1851. Square royal 16mo. 5s.  
Green's Nursery Keepsake. Imp. 16mo. 4s. 6d.  
Pretty Stories and Funny Pictures, coloured. 4to. 2s. 6d.  
Arnold's (Rev. C.) Arithmetic. Part I. 12mo. cloth, 3s. 6d. Second Edition.  
Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) Longer Latin Exercises. Part I. 8vo. cloth, 4s. Second Edition. Part II. 8vo. cloth, 4s.

## FICTION.

Angela. By the author of "Emilia Wyndham." Fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
Olive. A Novel. By the author of "The Ogilvies." Post 8vo. 31s. 6d.  
Sketches by Bosz. Illustrative of Every-Day Life and Every-Day People. With a Frontispiece by George Cruikshank. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.; half-morocco, 6s.  
Cinq-Mars. By De Vigny. Fcp. 1s. boards; 1s. 6d. cloth.  
Lettice Arnold. By the author of "Emilia Wyndham." 2 vols. 21s.  
Lamia, a Confession. 2 vols. 21s.  
Nathalie. A Tale. By Julia Kavanagh. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.  
The Devil in Turkey; or Scenes in Constantinople. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

## GEOGRAPHY.

Gazetteer of the World. Vol. III. 13s.; Part VII. 5s.

## HISTORY.

History of the Eighteenth Century. By F. C. Schlosser. Vol. VII. 8vo. cloth, 15s.  
Niebuhr's Lectures on Roman History, delivered at the University of Bonn. With Engravings and copious Index. From the edition of Dr. M. Isler. Translated by H. Le M. Chepmell and F. C. F. Demmler. 3 vols. small 8vo. cl. 16s.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Six Compositions from the Life of Christ. Drawn by F. R. Pickersgill, A.R.A. Engraved by Dalziel. Sewed, folio, 1s.  
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